

35¢ People weekly

July 22, 1974

ON THE COVER MIAMI'S LARRY CSONKA

His next careers:
acting and
cattle-raising

President Who?

Washington astrologer
has the '76 lowdown

Jean Stapleton

Dingbat's husband
is no Archie Bunker

Robert Maheu

Ex-G-man
who beat Howard Hughes

Chris & Jimmy

Double winnings
are twice the fun

Edgar Winter

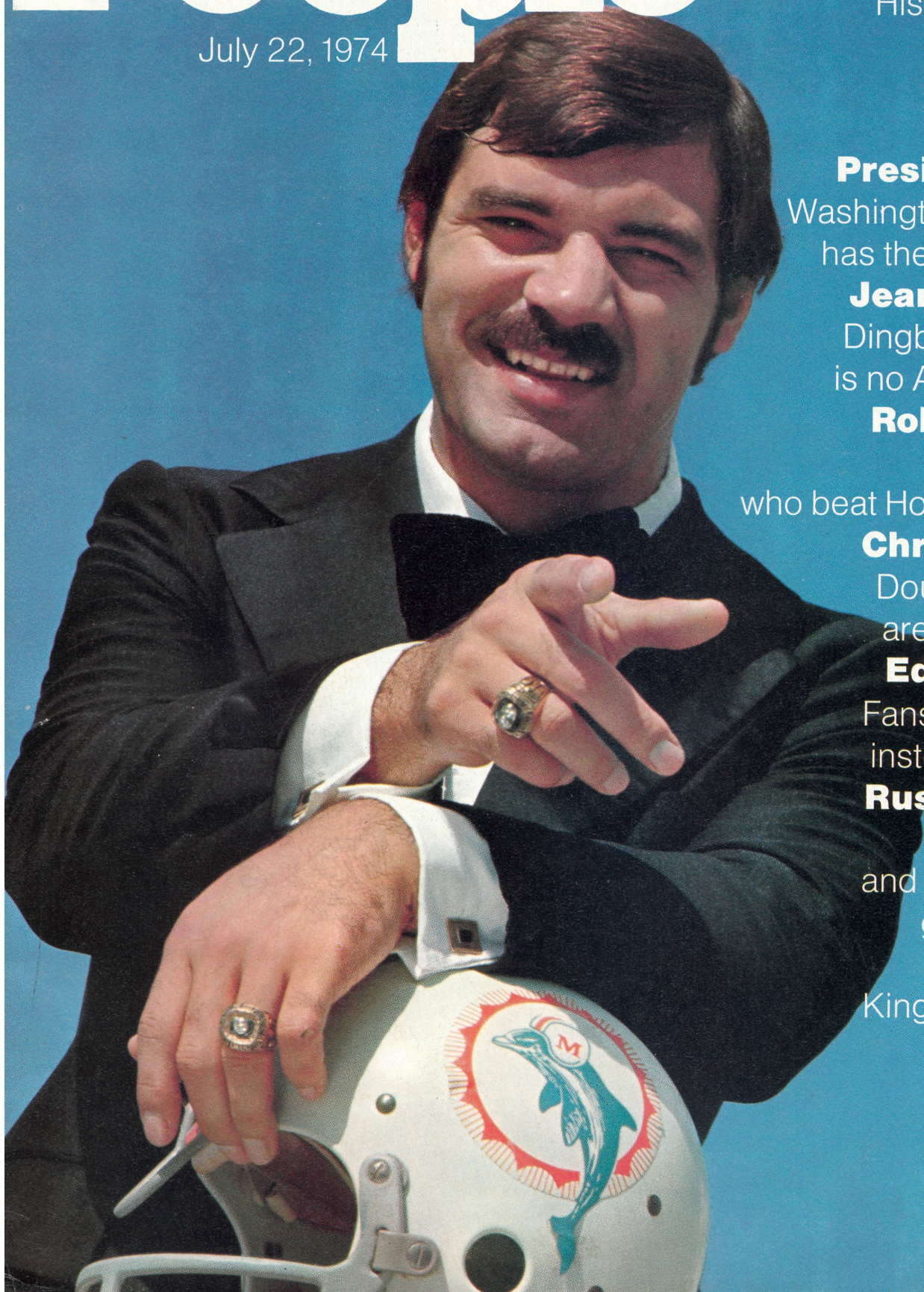
Fans are listening
instead of staring

Russian ballet defector

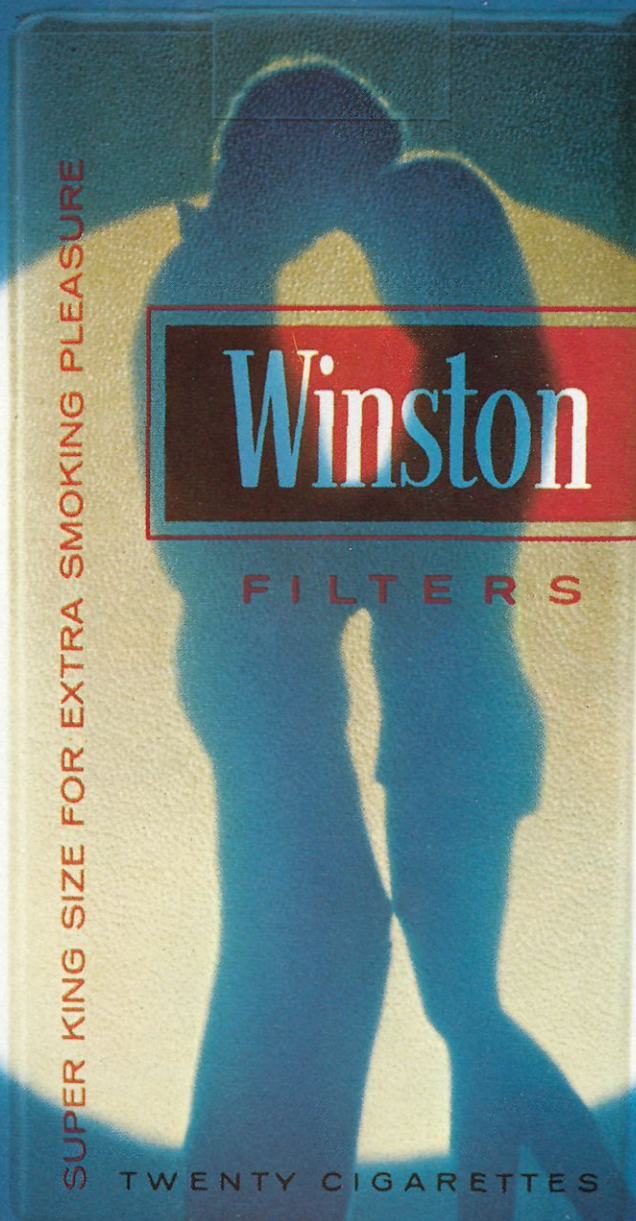
and the American
girl at his side

Hal Prince

King of Broadway



Winston



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People

weekly

July 22, 1974 Vol. 2 No. 4

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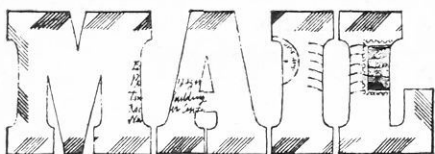
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Joan Kennedy

First it was Jackie we had up to here, then Rose who never went away, and finally poor "moms" Ethel. Now we have Joan Kennedy being thrust upon us all. For heaven's sake, I think we must know more about the Kennedys than they do! By the way, is Ted running for something?

Audrey L. Wilson
Homewood, Ill.

It seems sad to me that a woman, just because she's in a high position, can't act, dress and be herself without ridicule. Joan Kennedy is her own person, not a molded replica of someone's imagination. If she is courageous enough to be an individual in her position, more power to her. She's great and shouldn't change.

J. Henry
Portland, Oreg.

After reading your article (and others) about Joan Kennedy, I feel no pity for her. There is always a way out of any defeating situation. The way out of a bad marriage is called *d-i-v-o-r-c-e*. Regardless of *how* religious she is, only a masochist would stick around and take what she's put up with over the years, only to know there's more in store in the future. Anyone knows self-sacrifice is self-destruction, so all I can say when I think of Joan Kennedy is Good Luck!

Liz Angelis
Roslyn, N.Y.

So Joan Kennedy hits the bottle and is a nervous nutty. Who cares? Can't you find other Democrats to write about? If Ted is the only choice, God himself won't be able to save this country. Joan should get gutsy and break away.

M. J. Crossin
Chicago

Lookout

I write this in the hope of correcting the misinformation in your article on me. No. 1, I do not (and would under no circumstances) live in Greenwood, Mississippi. Having been run out of that

genteel old Southern town once is enough. No. 2, I have written five books, not three, and one of them was nominated this year for a National Book Award. No. 3, my husband; I fail to see why, in an article that is supposed to be about *my* winning an award for writing, there had to be a digression that included his name, color, professional calling and the location of our meeting yea these eight long years ago. Being a liberated man, my husband resents having his physical characteristics, etc. included in any article about my personal accomplishments. To paraphrase and add to the words of one of Doris Lessing's characters: Women (and men) are becoming liberated, but where's the liberated press for us? Peace.

Alice Walker
Jackson, Miss.

Dr. Freeman Cary

As for Dr. Freeman Cary, the congressional physician: do you suppose it's a coincidence that they have a rear admiral taking care of all those asses?

D. W. Jordan, M.D.
Austin

Dr. Sharlene Hirsch

I must ask where Dr. Hirsch has been for the past 15 years—certainly not as she states in the "real world." I am a distributive education teacher from Chicago. To the best of my knowledge there are five or six work-study programs offered in practically every public high school in the state of Illinois, all providing on-the-job experience, competitive wages and credit—just like her programs, which are described as unique.

Loretta M. Begley
Coordinator, Chicago
Vocational High School

The Chicago program is part-time and mostly vocational. Dr. Hirsch's interns work full-time alongside professionals and are paid nothing.—ED.

As a junior at Mechanicsburg Area High School and a hopeful medical student, I realize the immense educational value

this unique program offers. Unfortunately, neither our school nor any other school in our area that I know of has this program available. I wish to contact Dr. Hirsch for information such as what qualifies a city for the program.

Douglas E. Wentz
Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Write Executive High School Internships of America, 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.—ED.

I was an executive intern at the Department of Parole and Probation last semester as part of Dr. Hirsch's program. Many educators as well as parents are critical of the program because they believe the only place a student should be is in school. The experiences I had as an intern will be far more valuable to me than anything I might have learned in school. I am certain that much of the criticism stems from ignorance. With more articles like yours the ignorance will be dispelled.

Pat O'Doran
Tampa

Inner City Mother Goose

Since it was published in 1969 there has been quite a bit of controversy over *Inner City Mother Goose*, which Boston city councilor Albert O'Neill refuses to return to the public library. At the time critics said it would give children ideas for using knives and guns, and that it would promote violence. I believe that *Inner City* is an adult book of clever and humorous poetry, only fully understood and appreciated by someone who is familiar with the rich and poor, black and white, of a big city. It should not be in the children's section of a library.

Gail E. Lowy
Brooklyn

Cleveland Indians' Fans

I have come to the conclusion that a professional athlete is not safe in Ohio. It is truly tragic when drunken fans take it upon themselves to avenge an incident which the players have probably settled among themselves. Perhaps a 15-foot chain-link fence

completely surrounding playing fields should be considered.

Roger Leal
White Sands, N.Mex.

Well, they finally did it! Baseball's on-field sluggers finally got to see their own examples come home to roost! And this, dear friends, is the sport that all and sundry always claim is an example to youth of true sportsmanship. Well, if the latest attempted massacre in Cleveland is any example, I'd just as soon recommend horror movies and porno flicks! This (and similar escapades of late) has not only set baseball in particular and sports in general back but succeeded in turning away lots of fans who can see and do the same in most any beer hall!

C. L. Skelley
South Gate, Calif.

Chatter

Stavros Niarchos surely is a selfish man. In a world in which we must tap every available resource, it seems a waste to bury him in his \$2 million schooner at sea when he dies. That kind of extravagance is something the world can do without!

Colin Crawford
Denver

Goat and Anchorman

It is a sad reflection on the state of our society that PEOPLE limited its coverage to the academic accomplishments of the men last in their classes at West Point and Annapolis, the "goat" and the "anchorman." Cadet Burget's admission that he intentionally neglected to complete his examinations in order to insure his "rewards" is simple cheating. Burget's actions detract from the nation to which he is to give service. Further, his conduct leads one to question the process of congressional appointments to West Point.

More important, one must editorially question your total omission of reference to the best and the brightest graduates at both institutions. They earned their "rewards." PEOPLE should have recognized them.

Steven Burkow
Studio City, Calif.

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors, but we regret that because of the volume of mail received, we cannot acknowledge them. Letters for publication should be addressed to PEOPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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LARRY CSONKA: A BUDDING TYCOON IN SHOULDER PADS



Tycoon Csonka shows off his Bentley, champagne and lavish home. His mother told him he "was a con man at age 5."

It's tough to be both athlete and businessman," says Larry Csonka. The thought of a muscle-headed jock worrying over P & L statements once was unimaginable. No more. Csonka, the Miami Dolphins' 28-year-old full-back is a perfect example of the modern pro football superstar, who may study commodities futures and tax laws as closely as he does off-tackle plays and zone defenses.

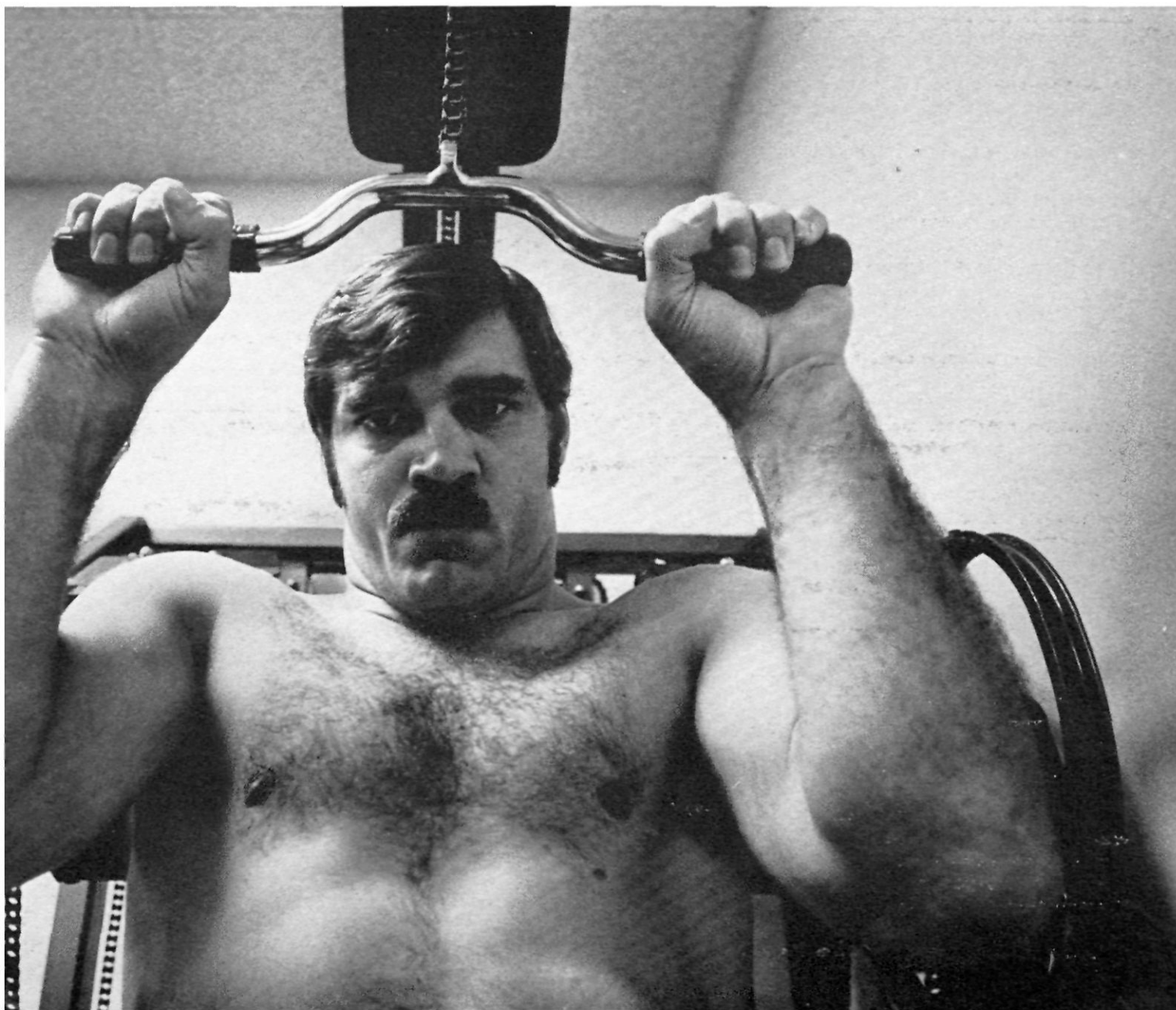
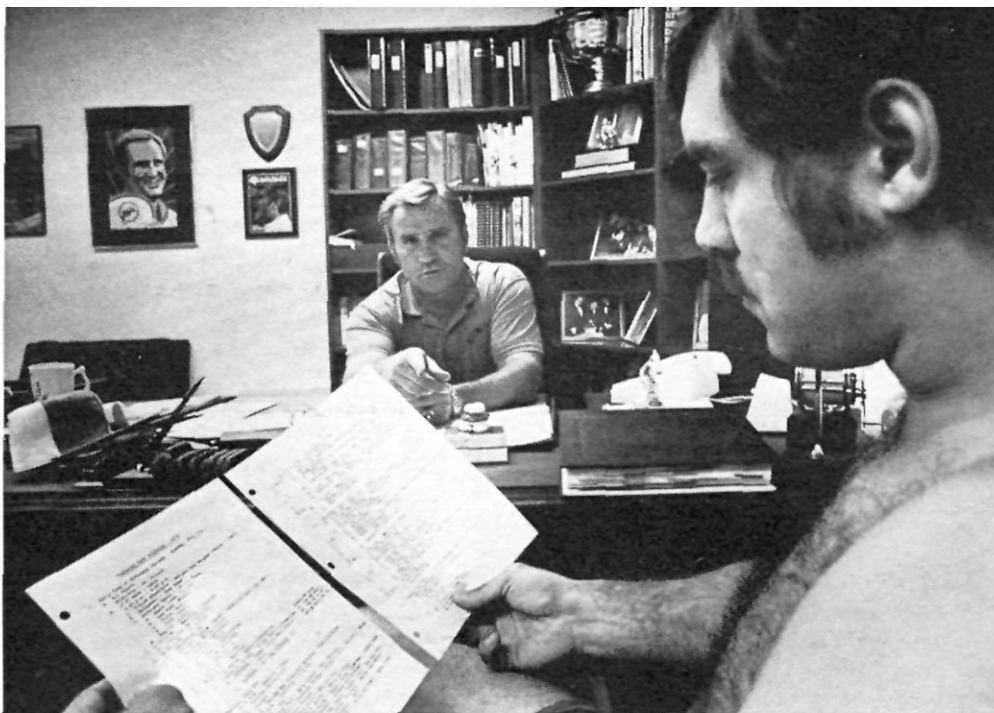
This summer, professional football is in unprecedented disarray, racked by a players' rebellion and talent raids by the new World Football League. The



One of the biggest, strongest running backs in pro history, Csonka keeps in shape in the Dolphin training room.

6'3", 240-lb. Csonka, like every other National Football League veteran, has been wrestling with his conscience—and his pocketbook—over whether to honor the Players Association strike against the team owners. He also was looking after his share of the more than \$3.5 million used to lure him and two other members of the Super Bowl champion Dolphins to the new World League for the 1975 season. The finan-

Dolphin coach Don Shula confers with Csonka about the summer training schedule. Shula will lose Csonka to the World Football League next year.



cial problems don't end there for Csonka. The fullback has turned himself into a bull-shouldered conglomerate, branching out into acting, investment counseling, real estate and, in the future, breeding Black Angus cattle on a ranch in Ohio.

Csonka grew up on a farm near Stow, Ohio and began working at a tender age on the reputation that has awed pro football. When he was 3, he bit the family dog. ("He bit me first," Csonka recalls defensively.) He parlayed his rough-and-tumble farm background and a massive but fast-moving body into a running style that conjures images of an elephant stampeding downhill. His ability to carry hundreds of pounds of would-be tacklers across yards of chalk-striped grass won him a scholarship at Syracuse University, where he broke school rushing records. It also earned him a fierce reputation as a hardnose. (His actual proboscis has been broken ten times.)

"I've read that I'm hard and mean," Csonka says. "Well, I am that way on the field—I have to be. But the rest is a paper and ink image."

Since he joined the Dolphins as their first draft choice in 1968, Csonka has nonetheless cultivated that image, unofficially leading the league in bloody uniforms. He also is credited with one of the few personal foul penalties ever meted out to a ballcarrier when, early in his pro career, he whacked Buffalo safety John Pitts for having the audacity to try to tackle him.

He and Dolphin teammate Jim Kiick became known as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid because of their havoc on the field and their back-pounding, good-ole-boy friendship off.

Now, however, after six seasons, two consecutive Super Bowl victories and the most valuable player award (in the 1974 win over Minnesota), Csonka has matured into an elder statesman in shoulder pads.

"The primary reason I thought of the World Football League and the chance to make money is that I'm a very old man at my playing position," Csonka says. Yet he ran for 1,003 yards last season, and his age did not deter WFL franchise-holders John Bassett Jr. and John Eaton from paying nearly \$4 million for his services, along with Kiick's and Paul Warfield's. The deal will make Csonka financially secure even if he is injured in his last year with the Dolphins or suddenly loses his ability to stomp defensemen.

Though Dolphin coach Don Shula has

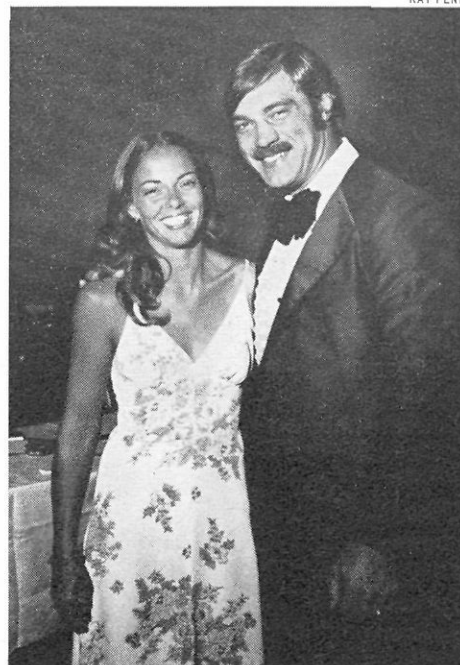
resolutely if grumpily avoided any bridge-burning criticism of his three lame ducks, the managing partner of the team, Joe Robbie, is suing them. Csonka says of his final season with Miami, "I intend to play football all-out. I have to be totally involved. My feeling is with the coach and the team, not management."

Although Csonka has been mostly a bystander in the labor-management scrimmaging of the players' strike, the would-be tycoon in him is offended. "The entire situation is chaos, a scandal rather than a rational thing," he says. "The players' demands are too vast. The owners are still paternalistic. My point would be to narrow down the issues to a few important ones and then negotiate. If football is a big business, it should be handled like big business."

That is exactly how Csonka is handling his life these days. But he and his wife Pam, who were married when Csonka was a junior in college, have two sons, Douglas, 7, and Paul, 5. And Csonka says that his soon-to-be opened investment firm and his budding acting career (the Sonny and Cher show, a segment of *Emergency*) are means, not ends.

"I've set goals regarding money and business," he says, "but not at the sacrifice of my family and their love. When we had our first baby, the doctor walked out and handed me that little red wrinkled thing barely three breaths into life and said, 'Here is your son.' Well, that's what it's all about."

JANE RIEKER



Csonka and his wife Pam were high school sweethearts in Stow, Ohio. They are the parents of two young sons.

Talking in the kitchen of his Plantation, Fla. home, the business-minded Csonka takes more phone calls these days than he does hand-offs.





Csonka spends a happy moment in the isolation of his backyard pool.



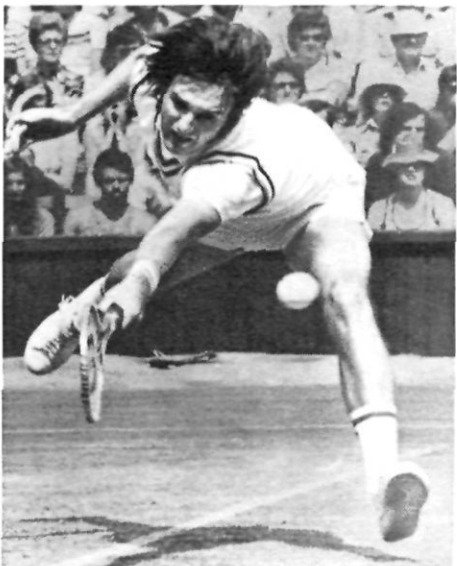
A backyard barbecue provides a stage for Larry Csonka, would-be actor.

With no room for foot faults (right), Chris Evert (in modish stilt shoes) and Jimmy Connors have the first dance traditionally shared by the singles champs at the post-Wimbledon tournament ball.

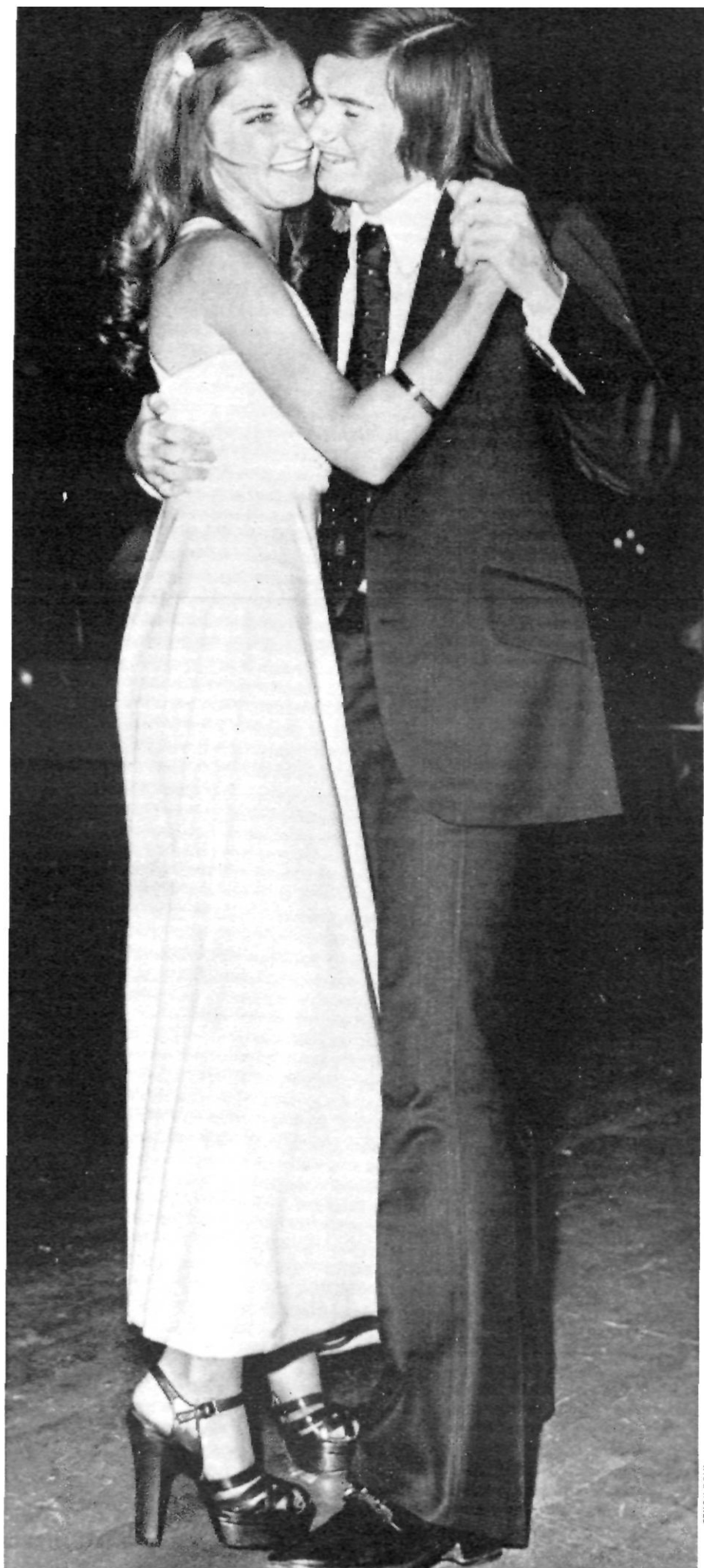
All four feet off the ground, Chris and Jimmy display their championship form: Chris against Kerry Melville in her semifinal win, and Jimmy against Ken Rosewall in the finals.



UPI



WIDE WORLD



WIDE WORLD

CHRIS & JIMMY: LOVE IS GRAND, SO IS WINNING

PRESS ASSOCIATION



I must be," admits Jimmy Connors, "the most unpopular champion in the history of Wimbledon." He's probably right, but he got some stiff competition—at least among chauvinistic British tennis devotees—from his fiancée, 19-year-old Chris Evert, who won the women's singles. If nothing else, Wimbledon proved that the all-American lovebirds—Chrissie and Jimmy are getting married in November—have each other to cheer for, and about.

"I got more nervous watching Chrissie out there than I did when I was playing," admitted Jimmy. "On the court at least I've got a racket. Up in the stands all I could do was ooh and aah." Chrissie, normally ice-cool, watched Jimmy's every shot with grimaces and lip-biting emotion that she deftly concealed in her own matches.

The couple had their own private system of communication when one of them was on the court. "I like Jimmy to give me a whistle," says Chris. "I always want to know where he is." For his men's singles title match against the aging favorite, Ken Rosewall, Jimmy insisted that Chris wear the same maroon pantsuit she had worn for his semifinal victory over Dave Stockton. Jimmy whistled, Chris wore maroon,

and when it was all over, they had won a combined total of \$40,800 and two new cars. They had also reached the pinnacle of their young careers—in terms of prestige, that is. Financially, they are already pulling down more than \$300,000 a year together.

Chrissie followed up her triumph by flying straight home to Fort Lauderdale for two weeks of tennis-free R & R. Her most ambitious plans included regaining the tan she lost at rainy Wimbledon and studying brides' magazines. Jimmy, however, was immediately back on the hustle. He flew directly to Philadelphia, where he rejoined the Baltimore Banners and helped them win two World Team Tennis doubles sets.

Because Jimmy was not at the airport in London to see Chris off, rumors of a split boiled up. Asked if pro sports' most chronicled courtship had suddenly soured, Jimmy snapped, "Capital N, capital O." But his professional commitments did seem for the moment to have prevailed over Chris, and the rest of his private life. Said his father, a bridge toll-collector from Belleville, Ill., "I haven't seen him since Wimbledon. He hasn't been home and he's had absolutely no rest at all. He's right back in the harness again."

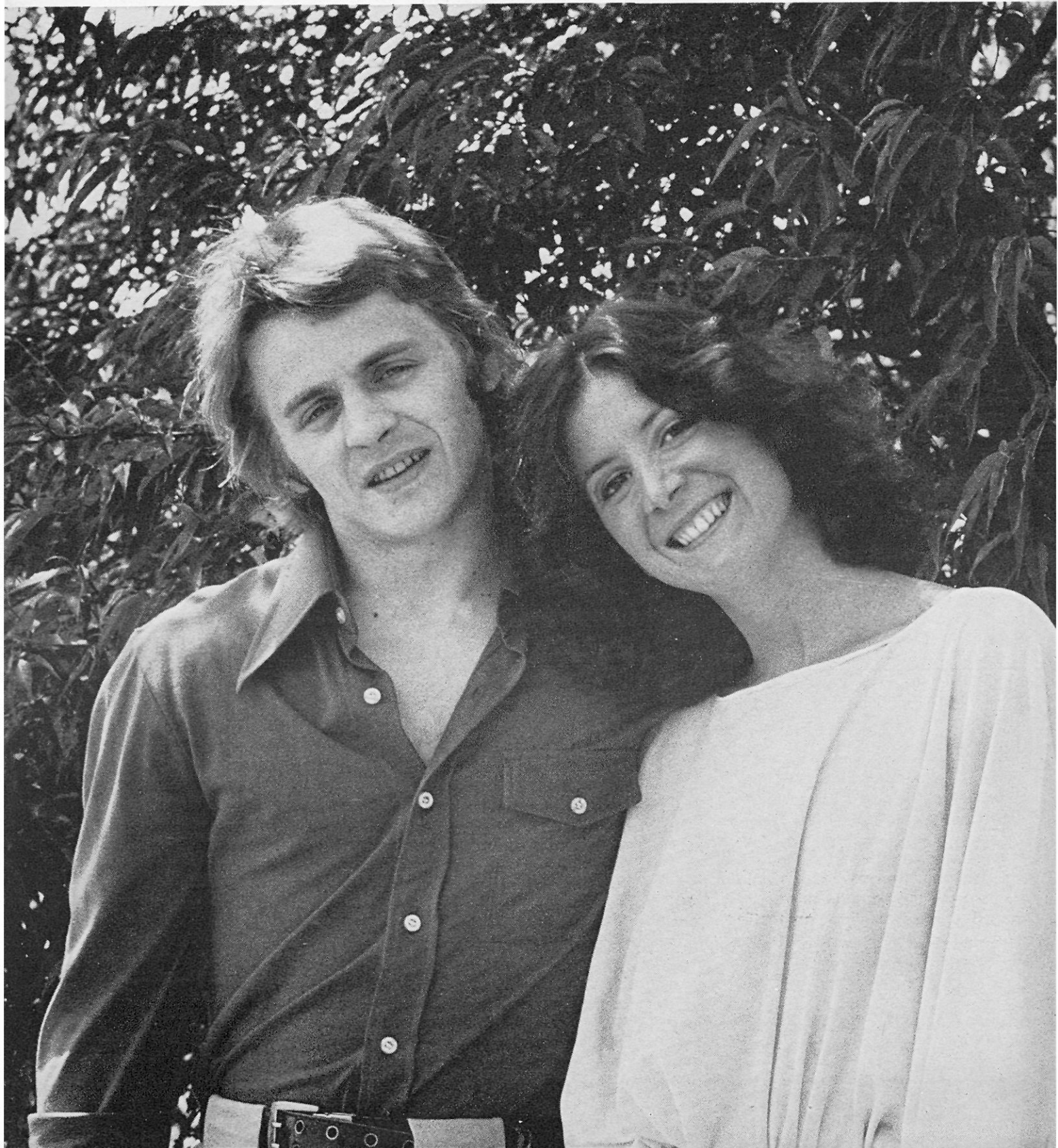
Chris, right, appears downright composed in comparison with her mother, left, and Jimmy's mother as they root him on.

Clutching trophies that represent \$40,800 in prize money, the champs kiss after Jimmy humbled Rosewall in the finals.



CENTRAL PRESS

**A SOVIET DANCER DEFECTS,
AND CHRISTINA IS THERE**





DINA



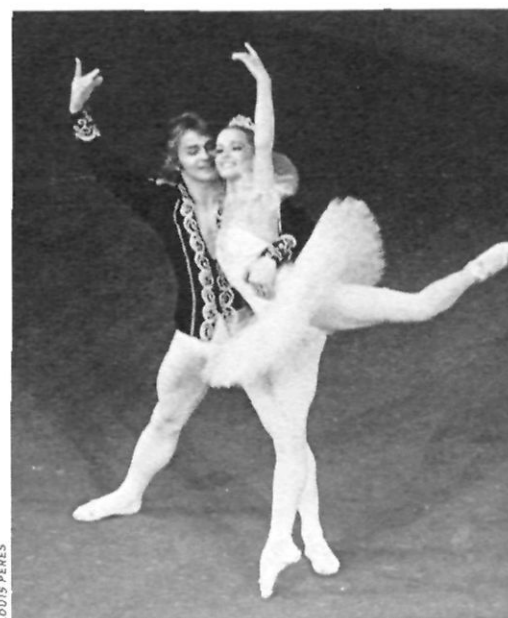
In her late teens Christina was a conscientious and fairly talented ballet student.

The scene was as well choreographed as anything from the classic repertory. Shortly after 11 p.m. a crowd of several hundred admirers gathered outside Toronto's O'Keefe Centre theater waiting for Mikhail Barishnikov, one of the world's great dancers, to emerge. The blond, 26-year-old ballet star, pride of the Soviet Union since Rudolf Nureyev's defection, was appearing as guest artist during the Bolshoi company's Canadian tour. Thirty minutes after the curtain fell on Wagner's *Valkyrie*, Barishnikov appeared at the stage door.

As though on cue, he pushed past the stage-door throng, ignoring a bus chartered to take Bolshoi members to a private farewell party, and sprinted to a car idling three blocks away. Barishnikov jumped in and the car sped away. Inside, having arrived in Toronto from London only hours before, was 26-year-old American socialite Christina Berlin, youngest daughter of wealthy, retired Hearst newspaper executive Richard E. Berlin. The couple was driven to a farmhouse on the outskirts of Toronto where, along with several friends from the dance world, they went into hiding.

Thus began the meticulously arranged defection of Russia's No. 1

Days after Mikhail's defection, he and Christina were hiding out on a farm north of Toronto—but had time for dreaming.



LOUIS PERES

In Montreal the week before his defection Barishnikov danced *Don Quixote* with prima ballerina Irina Kolpakova.

dancer—and a new chapter in the four-year international romance between Barishnikov and Christina. Since that night the couple has come out of hiding only once—to tell a Toronto dance critic that Barishnikov's defection was an artistic, not a political decision, and to deny they were having a love affair. "People should be concerned about preserving his talent," said Christina. Said her Mischa, "Please don't turn this into a bedroom drama."

Romance or no, the lovely Christina was clearly essential to Barishnikov's emotional well-being during the first

Wearing a bouffant hairdo, a plumpish 16-year-old Christina posed with her father, Hearst executive Richard Berlin.



tense days while they awaited the Canadian government's decision to grant Mikhail asylum. The dancer's mood alternated between exhilaration and despair. Said Christina, "Mischa would leap around the room, so excited to be free, and then burst into tears."

While in hiding Christina rarely left his side: she cooked his meals, began to teach him English, and took him fishing for striped bass to relax. After a four-year-long international pursuit, Christina seems to have gotten what she wanted—a ballet star of her own. Since childhood she has been obsessed with dancing—and dancers. Christina's mother, New York-Palm Beach socialite Muriel "Honey" Berlin, remembers that her daughter's dancing school teachers thought she showed promise, and she kept up lessons into her teens.

"My husband and I would come home from a party," the mother recalls, "and there would be Chrissie, all alone, dancing to *Swan Lake*." As a student at Manhattan's exclusive Sacred Heart Convent Christina spent her allowance sending flowers to her favorite ballet stars, often rising at 4 a.m. to be the first in line for tickets. After a fling at acting, Christina went to London as dancer Margot Fonteyn's personal assistant. Through Dame Margot, in 1970, she met Barishnikov, then the leading dancer with Leningrad's Kirov Ballet. His purity of style and spectacular agility took London—and Christina—by storm. After the Kirov returned to Leningrad, she followed. During that five-week visit, according to friends, she and her dancer fell in love. Convinced he would never leave Russia, she settled in London where she



Christina joined a wedding reception hosted by dancer Dame Margot Fonteyn aboard a ship circling Manhattan.

Christina lived alone in this New York apartment. She has two sisters, Brigid, 35, an Andy Warhol film star; Richie, 33, a writer of dog horoscopes, and a brother Richard, 23, a Dartmouth graduate, about to enter the bicycle-rental business.



wrote him long letters, improved her Russian, and mixed in the social life of the Russian and Royal ballet companies.

Six months ago Christina quietly visited Barishnikov again—and friends suggest they must have talked about defection. Christina was in London when he abruptly sent for her from Canada. Caught by surprise, without cash, she hysterically begged strangers in London's Heathrow Airport to cash her personal checks before she boarded the plane for Toronto. Like his

predecessors, Nureyev and Natalia Makarova, who also defected from the Kirov, Barishnikov felt strongly that the rigid Soviet cultural bureaucracy stifled his creativity. One week before his defection he begged a Montreal journalist for descriptions of the latest roles and choreographers available in North America. When asked what role he was dancing, he replied, "The same thing. The same thing."

Since defecting, Barishnikov has been deluged with lucrative offers to dance. As yet he has made no choice.

But anxious to dance again quickly, he may soon begin a season of guest appearances. One ironic possibility is that he will make his American debut with his former Kirov colleague Natalia Makarova as his partner at New York's American Ballet Theatre later this month. As for Mikhail and Christina, their story shows promise of unfolding with the grace and finesse of a perfectly executed *pas de deux*. □

The romance began in London and flowered in Leningrad. Here Mikhail playfully teases his American girl with a ring.

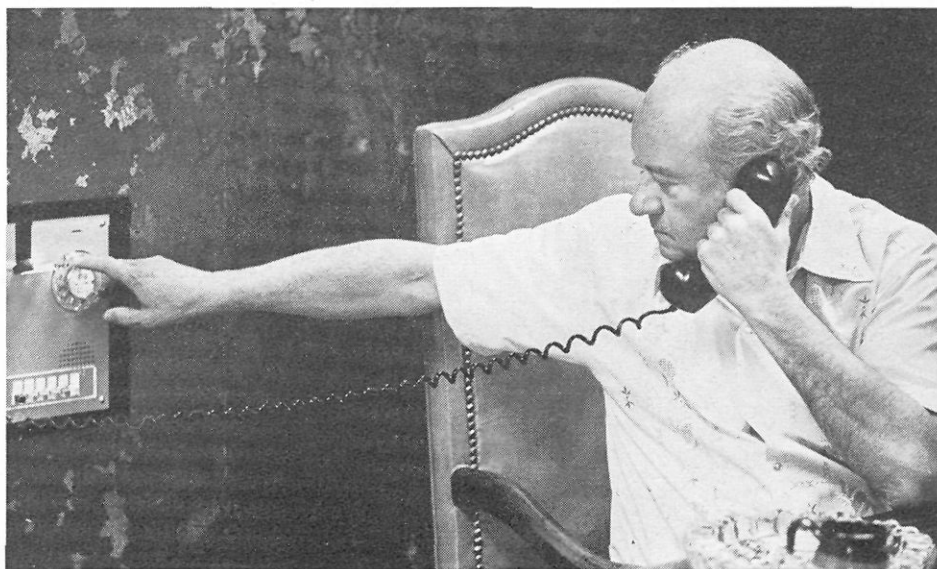


JENNIE WALTON/LONDON DAILY MAIL

THE ONETIME AIDE WHO BEAT HOWARD HUGHES IN COURT

Wan and weary after four months in a Los Angeles federal courtroom, Robert A. Maheu arrived home in Las Vegas recently with a verdict guaranteed to put iron—or gold—back in his blood. The onetime front man and troubleshooter for hide-and-seek billionaire Howard Hughes had just won a bitter defamation suit against his self-exiled former employer. Although the jury will not determine damages until the fall—Maheu is asking \$17.3 million—he accepted the verdict with heartfelt relief. “I never had any doubts,” he insists. “My only surprise was that physically and mentally my family and I had the staying power to get through it.”

For the 54-year-old Maheu the trial was simply another milestone in a bizarre, buccaneering career. A onetime FBI agent who later performed myste-



rious services for the CIA (including, by one account, a plot to assassinate Cuban Premier Fidel Castro), he first came to Hughes's attention in the mid '50s. Operating from a Washington base, Maheu was collecting hush-hush business intelligence overseas in a kind of shoestring *Mission Impossible*. Eventually Hughes persuaded him to drop his other clients and move to Los Angeles to work full time for him. Though Hughes in 1966 named Maheu chief of his vast Las Vegas operations

An industrial consultant since Howard Hughes fired him, Robert Maheu dials a client from his Las Vegas office.

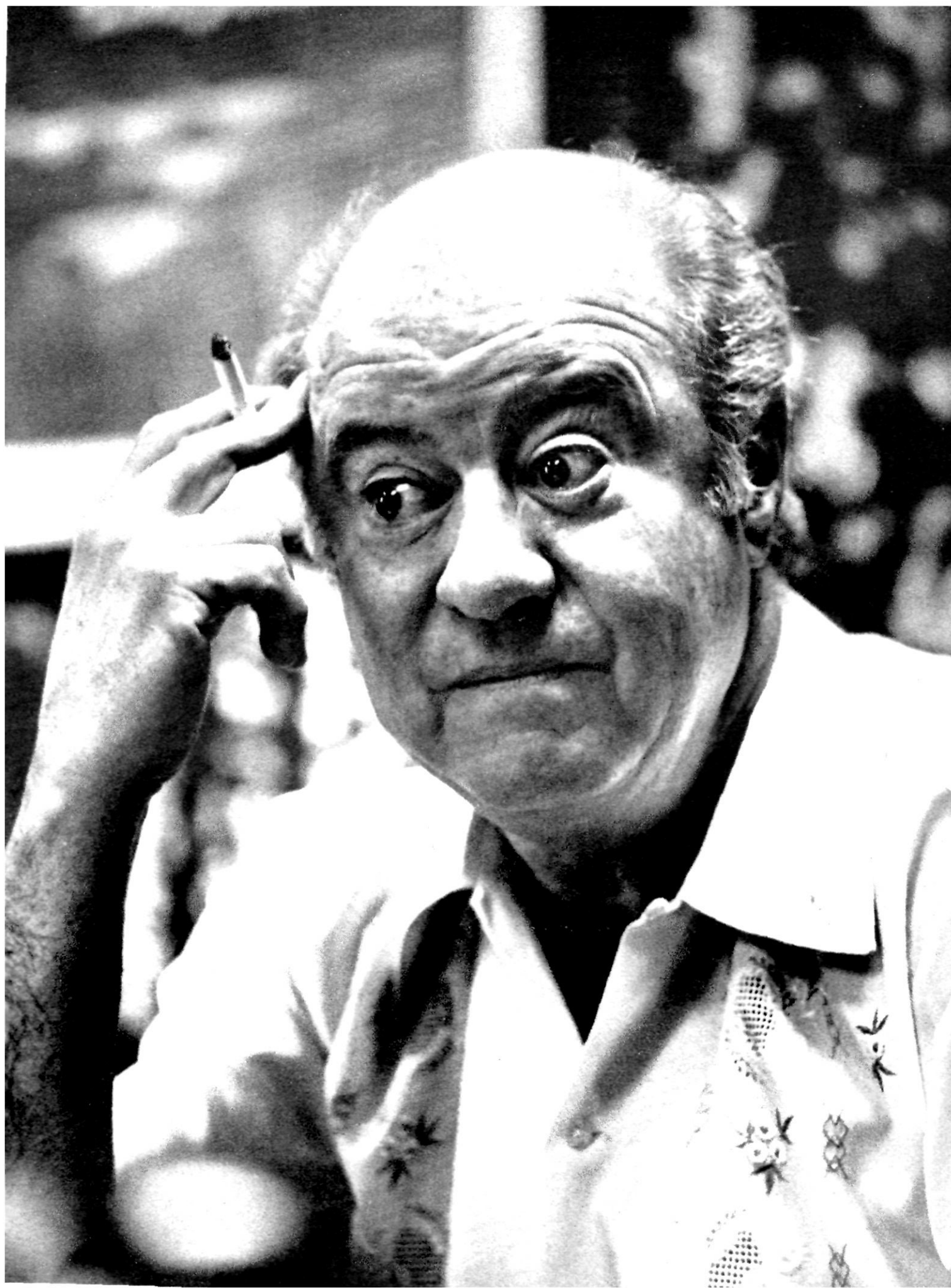
and paid him a staggering \$520,000 a year retainer, Maheu never laid eyes on his employer. (“From time to time I would beg for an eyeball session.”) All communication was by handwritten memos or by telephone with Hughes and his corps of Mormon aides. “I was asked once whether his aides had any power,” Maheu recalls. “I said they had more power than he did. They interpreted the world for him.” Then, in 1970, Maheu was abruptly dismissed from his post. His cars were repossessed, and later so was the half-million-dollar home—dubbed “Little Caesar’s Palace” by enemies—that Hughes had built for him as his trusted factotum. The reason, Hughes blasted from Bahamian seclusion, was that “[Maheu] stole me blind.” It was this accusation that persuaded Maheu to sue.

Throughout his career Maheu has been secretive, ambitious and occasionally inept. The only son of a Waterville, Maine grocer and his wife, he dropped out of law school to join the FBI. On his first assignment, in Phoenix, Ariz., he managed to lock him-

A bemused Maheu reflects on his curious onetime business relationship with the reclusive and unpredictable Hughes.

An ardent gourmet, Maheu putters over homemade soup in his kitchen while his 21-year-old daughter Christine looks on.





self out of his car. Later, given a fictitious identity, he served as a World War II counterspy named Robert Marchand. Making contact with enemy agents in the U.S., he arranged to undermine German intelligence by planting misleading messages about the D-day invasion.

After the war Maheu was reassigned by the FBI to hometown Waterville, but soon quit out of boredom. "I used to go absolutely nuts!" he exclaims. "I'm telling you, there isn't even a *Communist* in Maine!" Trying his hand in the brokerage business, he learned of a process for canning pure cream and shrewdly obtained world rights to it. At a convention in Chicago he managed to sell 22 carloads of the stuff before the bottom fell out of the market. "We woke up one morning with our cream in 22 states," he remembers.

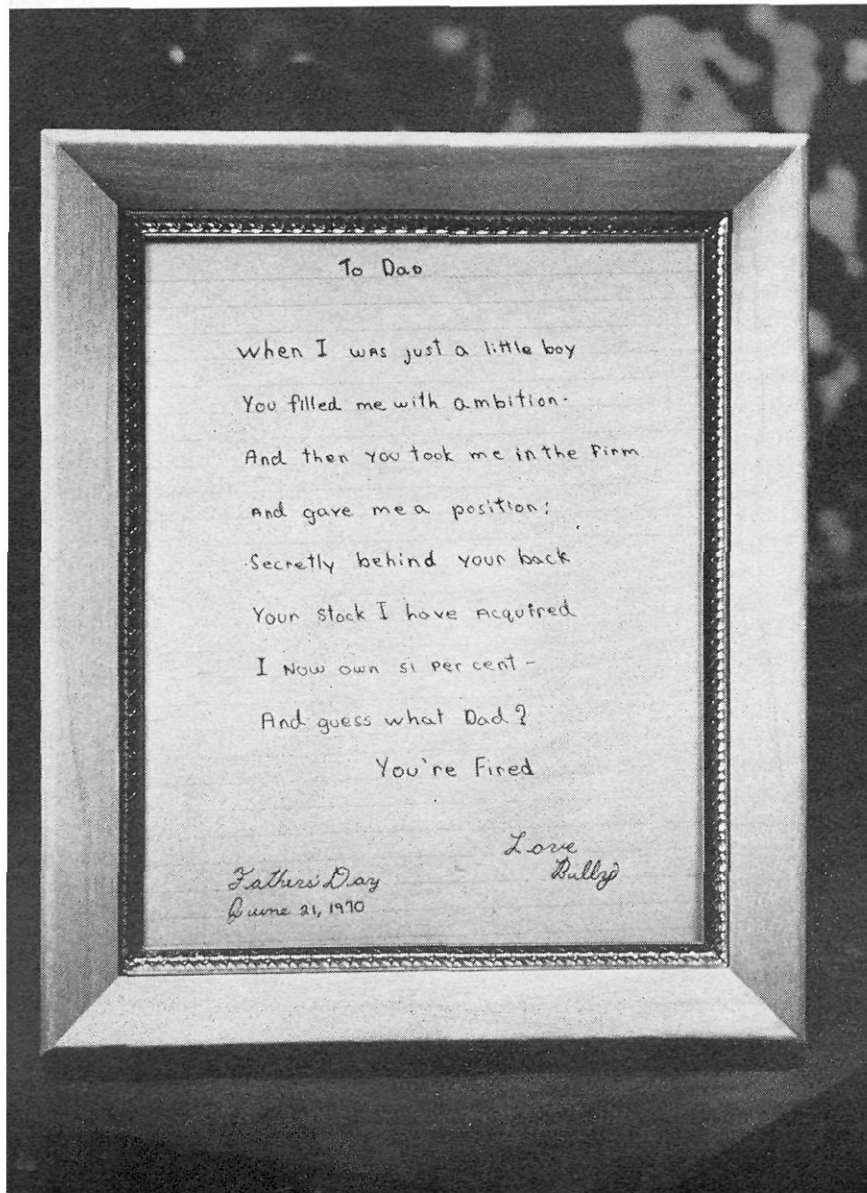
"We were just counting our profits. Then it developed there was oxidation in the lining of the cans, and we had to call in all the merchandise."

Refusing to declare bankruptcy, Maheu found himself \$90,000 in debt and took a government job at \$13,000 a year. "I figured if we lived frugally I could have everything paid off by the time I was 68," he says. About a year later, impatient with such a doleful prognosis, he took \$1,800 in federal retirement benefits and set himself up as a free-lance corporate problem-solver. He helped engineer a takeover of the New York Central Railroad by wheeler-dealer Robert R. Young, then deftly, according to his account, sabotaged a multimillion dollar oil shipment deal between Aristotle Onassis and Saudi Arabia. For that caper he won a \$25,000-a-year retainer from Onassis'

shipping rival Stavros Niarchos.

One of his first assignments for Hughes, according to Maheu, was a \$100-a-day investigation of the fiancé of a Hollywood actress for whom Hughes had developed a yen. Later, Maheu testified, he was assigned to quash stories of a \$205,000 loan from the Hughes Tool Co. to Donald Nixon, brother of the then Vice-President, during the 1960 presidential campaign. One strange assignment followed another during Maheu's years with Hughes, climaxing a lifetime of odd tasks performed in the shadows.

At the recent trial Maheu was called "an enigma, a puzzlement." His wife Eve listened with sympathy. "We've been married for 33 years," Maheu acknowledged, "and she said she couldn't have given a better description." BARBARA WILKINS

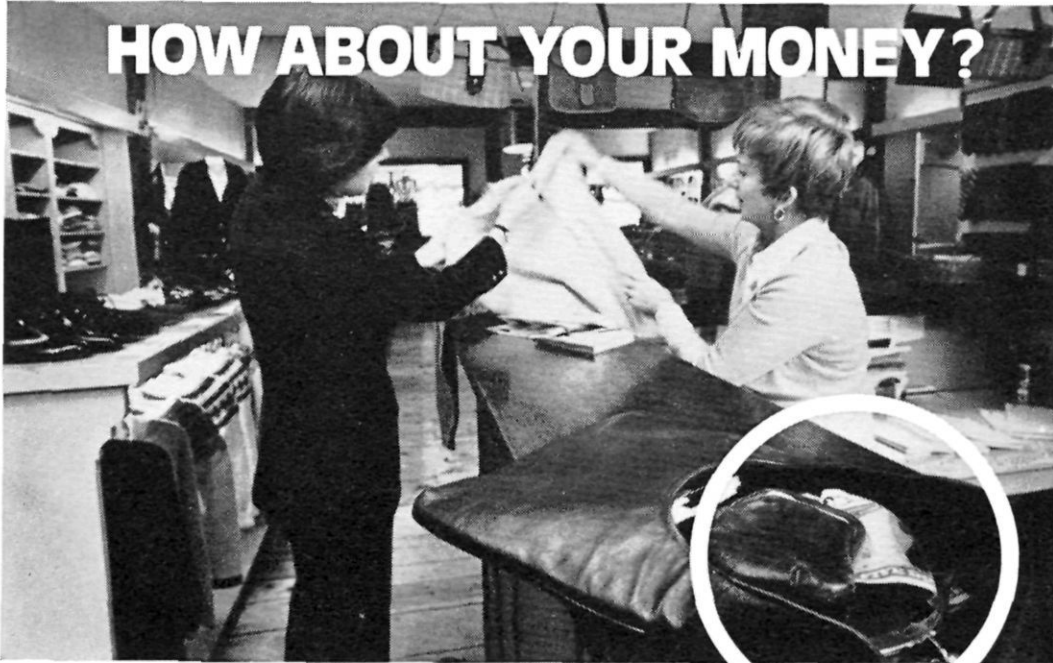


Maheu and his wife Yvette (at center, above) posed for 1973 Christmas photograph with their entire family, including in-laws and grandchildren. The Maheus' own four children range in age from 15 to 32.

Young Billy Maheu (above his father in photo) presented Maheu with this prophetic ode six months before he was fired.

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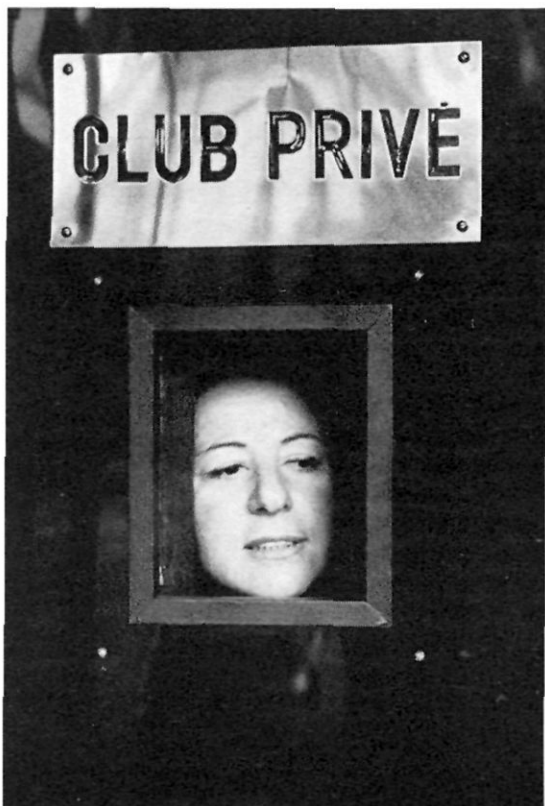
IN STYLE

Regine nuzzles at home with her former secretary, Roger Schoukroun, who four years ago became her second husband.



G. BOSIO/FRANCE MATCH

REGINE OF PARIS: SNOB QUEEN WHO RULES THE NIGHT



Regine's incumbent secretary scrutinizes a would-be patron. Says the boss: "I try to hire girls who aren't stupid."

Foreigners who think that France has lacked an authority figure since De Gaulle have never reckoned with that Gallic Texas Guinan called Regine. Her name translates "queen," and she is as arbitrary a Moon Queen as Louis XIV ever was as Sun King. It is Regine who runs Paris's and the world's most snob discotheque, New Jimmy's on the Left Bank, as well as the Right Bank's most exclusive expense-account luncheon club, Reginskaia, and probably its most expensive supper-club, Regine's. And in the past year Regine has spread her reign of terror to Monaco, where she now controls four of the most "in" sanctums on the Riviera.

The most exciting and potentially humiliating night game now going is an attempt to cross the threshold of a Regine establishment. The Rothschilds, Onassis and Paris's young swinging set, called *La Jeunesse Dorée* (The Gilded Youth), get automatic entrée. Strangers are scrutinized through peepholes to determine whether they have what Regine calls "sympa." "It's all in the way people show themselves," she tells her doorkeepers. "It's a question of taste, charm, which is something you can feel right away. What I like in men is for them to be luminous and sexy." A flash of francs is not enough—"you can be very rich and be a dope at the same time," decrees Regine. If turned back (which is the

probability), a Continental might be tempted to stalk down the Boulevard du Montparnasse snapping off anten-nas from the inevitable line of Jags and Lamborghinis. An American couple will slink off to the Lido, where they probably should have gone in the first place. No one is sure what face-saving recourse to recommend to the biggest-spending tourists of all these days—the Japanese.

The arbiter of such formidable power is a plump little Piaf of a woman with flame-red hair and green, surprisingly sad eyes. She is part tyrant, part tycoon and maybe a little Jewish mother. Her background is as murky and changeable as the illumination in New Jimmy's. She was born 40-odd years ago in Belgium to a Polish immigrant family of struggling cafe-keepers named Zylberberg (which may explain the mishmash of Franco-Polish-Russian cuisine in some of her clubs). She grew up in Belleville, the poorest district of Paris. Because of her father's penchant for gambling, she was forced to drop out after only five years of school and become a housemaid. During the Nazi occupation she hid in a convent. She has been married twice, presently to Roger Schoukroun, a handsome Moroccan-born chap seven years her junior who started as her secretary. As a sideline, Regine has cut a couple of hit records and made some movie appearances.

Photographs by Loomis Dean

Having introduced Paris to "le Twist" 15 years ago, Regine is now trying to force, with a flash of her own thigh, a new fashion: the garter belt.



With the rest of Monte Carlo as a backdrop, Regine discusses her latest club with her decorator, George Reinhard.

Regine established her dynasty 15 years ago when she inadvertently introduced "le Twist" to France. An American road company of *West Side Story* came to town, and she was "fascinated and overwhelmed by the troupe. Well, obviously," she continues, "I had an adventure with one of the dancers, which explains why I was in the wings of the show every day for rehearsals." She saw the cast warming up with a peculiar new dance, and invited them to demonstrate it at the *boîte* she was operating at the time. "They were our professors," she says. "Everyone was mad about it"—except for one artist among her clientele. "When Cocteau saw it," she recalls, "he said, 'it's a dance where the derrière is gay, and the face is sad.' "

Before her clubs opened in Monaco, Regine says, with characteristic immodesty (but some justice), "Monte Carlo was a tiresome backwater for old retired people. But now it's the most lively place on the Cote d'Azur." And tomorrow the world: her next target is New York and then, proclaims the Colonel Sanders of chic, London, Madrid, Dallas and Los Angeles. "You can't be a tributary of fashions," declares Regine. "I'm beyond them, ahead of them. They run after me, but then, I'm running after myself. I think I'll enter the Olympics."

RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI



**AN AMERICAN COWBOY LASSES
A VIOLIN PRIZE IN MOSCOW**





Cowboy Fodor balances atop "Schezada," his half-Arabian half-quarterhorse, bought with Gene's concert earnings.

TO THE **TOP**

NOVOSTI



The Fodor sound is produced in Moscow by the young virtuoso on his \$10,000 Jean-Baptiste Vuillame violin. He hopes to own a better one soon.

In Wyoming they call him the Mick Jagger of classical music. In Moscow he is known as the best young American musician since Van Cliburn. To his own father, 24-year-old violin virtuoso Eugene Fodor, is, affectionately, "a ham. He plays much better before a thousand people than two. He has the ability to make your hair stand on end."

So it was when Fodor captured one of the top three violin prizes at Moscow's Tchaikovsky International Competition last month, the most celebrated performance by an American in the Soviet Union since Cliburn's piano triumph in the same competition 16 years ago. No American violinist had ever done so well in the event, which is a kind of musical Olympics that confers instant celebrity upon its victors.

Many listeners, including Russians, believed that Fodor deserved the top prize. As it was, he tied with two Russians for the second-place silver medal after the 19 judges—14 from Communist countries—decided not to award the gold medal to anyone.

Fodor himself has kept silent about the decision, but one well-known Russian musician comforted him privately: "You should have got the gold." What especially disturbed many in the audience was the low rating—five out of a possible 25 points—given Fodor by the judge from North Vietnam.

Fodor, however, will have a great

Violinist Eugene Fodor is shown here astride his Honda. Teacher Jascha Heifetz persuaded him to give it up.

many consolations. The White House cabled, inviting him to perform there upon his return, London offered some first-class concert bookings, and then there was Fodor's success at winning the hearts of Muscovite maidens. After one performance a young girl dashed from the audience to present him with a single red rose. After each concert crowds of violin groupies waited for a fleeting moment with their adored "Evgeny." It reached the point where Fodor remarked jestingly to an American reporter: "You're the only man who's been in my room for two weeks."

Such hijinks might give the impression that Fodor is not totally serious about music. On the contrary, he has

been a dedicated student since the age of 12, when he won his first music scholarship. He studied at New York's famed Juilliard School, at Indiana University, and with Jascha Heifetz at the University of Southern California. With Heifetz, whom Fodor calls "the Emperor," the routine was seven tough hours of practice a day. Heifetz also made Fodor trim his long hair and temporarily abandon his motorcycle. "Heifetz was afraid for Gene's hands," says Fodor's father, Eugene Sr., an excavating contractor and amateur violinist from North Turkey Creek, Colo. "Actually, he is in more danger of breaking his head on his horse." Gene is an outdoorsman, camper, scuba diver and a five-mile-a-day jogger. But mainly he is a violinist. "A violin," Eugene says, "can tear at your heart more than any other instrument."

IN THE MONEY

JAMES LEE: RICH WINNER IN THE WAITING GAME



© 1971 THE HOUSTON POST CO.

Kenneth Schnitzer looked determined as he posed with a model of his Houston project—but a snag was ahead.

Texas developer Kenneth Schnitzer had a dream and James W. Lee was in the way. Schnitzer's dream was a city-within-a-city near downtown Houston, with great towers rising from magnolia groves, lakes and landscaping, cars tucked away three stories underground. It was to be called Greenway Plaza, the best of rural and urban living combined.

To get his plan underway, Schnitzer and his Century Development Corp. needed land. They decided on a 127-acre plot, occupied by 350 homeowners. One of them was James W. Lee. Since Schnitzer did not want a hassle, in 1969 he offered generous and aboveboard terms—30 to 50% over the going price. The offer had an additional sweetener. Sellers could take their homes with them when they moved, or live in them rent-free for the four or five years before bulldozers arrived to level the ground, or rent their homes during this period and pocket the profit.

After some fast arithmetic, most homeowners took the offered price,

which averaged a little over \$26,000, and moved on. But James W. Lee, a ro-tund, affable real estate lawyer, was in no hurry to move—mainly because he was living well within his budget.

Lee and his wife Dorothy had built their three-bedroom ranch house for only \$20,500 and had bought their furniture inexpensively for cash at un-claimed freight sales.

"It didn't take discipline, really, to resist the offers," Lee says. "I think a lot of people out here were in a hurry to sell because they had obligations."

By the end of last year, holdouts were down to a handful. As the offers moved upward to \$75,000, then to \$100,000 and finally to \$150,000, they all succumbed, leaving Lee alone.

When Lee turned down an offer of \$250,000, saying quietly, "I am in no hurry," he got a call direct from Schnitzer. Why didn't the two of them lunch at the prestigious Houston Club?

"It was totally pleasant," Lee recalls. "He didn't pressure me at all. He told me what he wanted to do. And when we parted he said, 'Oh, I know you're

going to get me, but don't make it too tough, will you?'"

Lee went home, figured out how much his land was worth, based on downtown Houston real estate prices, and came up with his asking price—a cool \$525,000. Furthermore, he said he would like an answer in 30 days.

Twenty-nine days later Lee got his reply—total capitulation, including payment over eight years, as Lee requested, for a capital gains tax break, plus 10 percent interest.

The Lees now plan to indulge themselves a little. "I'll buy a newer home; I'll serve better whiskey and I'll buy better steaks," Lee says, smiling. But one thing troubles him—"Just how much did I leave on the table?"

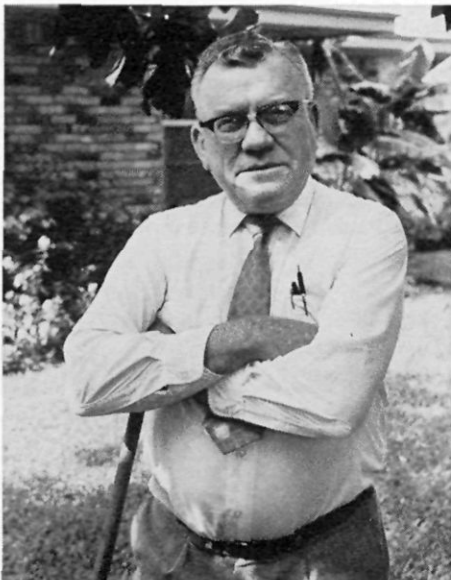
No one knows for sure, but Kenneth Schnitzer, who is now free to complete his Greenway Plaza, at least gives a hint. Says Schnitzer ruefully, "Lee hit my choking price."





GEOFF WINNINGHAM (3)

With one of the new skyscrapers visible over the roof of his house, James Lee gazes at one of his magnolias, which will be replanted in the project. Lee (below) held out for \$525,000 for his property. A less fortunate neighbor's house (right) is being demolished to make way.



STAR TRACKS

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS-PICTORIAL PARADE



The Beatles, sort of <

Looking a little like figures out of the waxworks, four actors are starring in an English production called "John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert." Bert? He's the typical Beatle fan in the play. The show, now in Liverpool, where the Beatles began some 13 years ago, moves next to London's West End. It takes three hours of making-up to achieve passing resemblances to the originals, but none of the actors attempts to recreate the Beatle sound. That comes straight off old records, while the stand-ins mime away. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Der Bomber lights up >

Appearing more like proud new fathers than the soccer stars they are, Gerd Mueller, left, and Paul Breitner enjoy cigars in a post-victory celebration. Earlier each had scored a goal in West Germany's 2-1 defeat of the Netherlands for the World Cup. Not only did Mueller's goal decide the game, it was his 14th in cup play, making him the most prolific World Cup scorer in history. Known affectionately in Germany as Der Bomber, Mueller stunned fans with the announcement after the championship that he was retiring in order to spend more time with his family.



UPI



LONDON DAILY EXPRESS-PICTORIAL PARADE

Teetotaler Burton ^

Although it had been just a short 10 days since his celebrated but amicable uncoupling from Liz Taylor, Richard Burton already had a new bird

—27-year-old Ellen Rossen, his god-daughter. The happy twosome sipped straight orange juice in a Parisian cafe. "I haven't had a drink for three months," Burton said. "Doctors tell me I could pass for a 35-year-old." He's 48.



WIDE WORLD

A new General Ike ^

A winner's grin, reminiscent of his famous father's, covered John S. D. Eisenhower's face as his wife, Barbara, and commanding officer, Maj. Gen. Fred Welsh, pin on his new brigadier's star. Eisenhower, 51, had forsaken a military career almost a year short of retirement to help with his father's memoirs and later to serve as ambassador to Belgium. A reserve colonel since 1963, he is now deputy commander of the 79th Army Reserve Command in Colmar, Pa. He doesn't stand on formality, prefers a simple title. General Eisenhower will do just fine.

Ford and son >

It was an altogether familiar American snapshot—one that adorns nearly every wedding album. The proud father, recognizably Vice-President Gerald Ford, is pressing the flesh with his dress-alike, 24-year-old son Michael, who has just married Gayle Brumbaugh, 23 (to his right). She is the daughter of a junior high school principal in Catonsville, Md. The young couple met at Wake Forest University and are now both students at the Gordon-Conwell theological seminary in South Hamilton, Mass. The inevitable toast? A marriage made in heaven.

Huck and the princess v

Dressed for the star role he plays in the new movie version of *Huckleberry Finn*, a barefoot 13-year-old Jeff East confidently greeted VIPs at the film's London premiere. Suddenly confronted by Princess Margaret, young East did just what Huck might have done—made a self-conscious half-bow and doffed his battered straw hat.

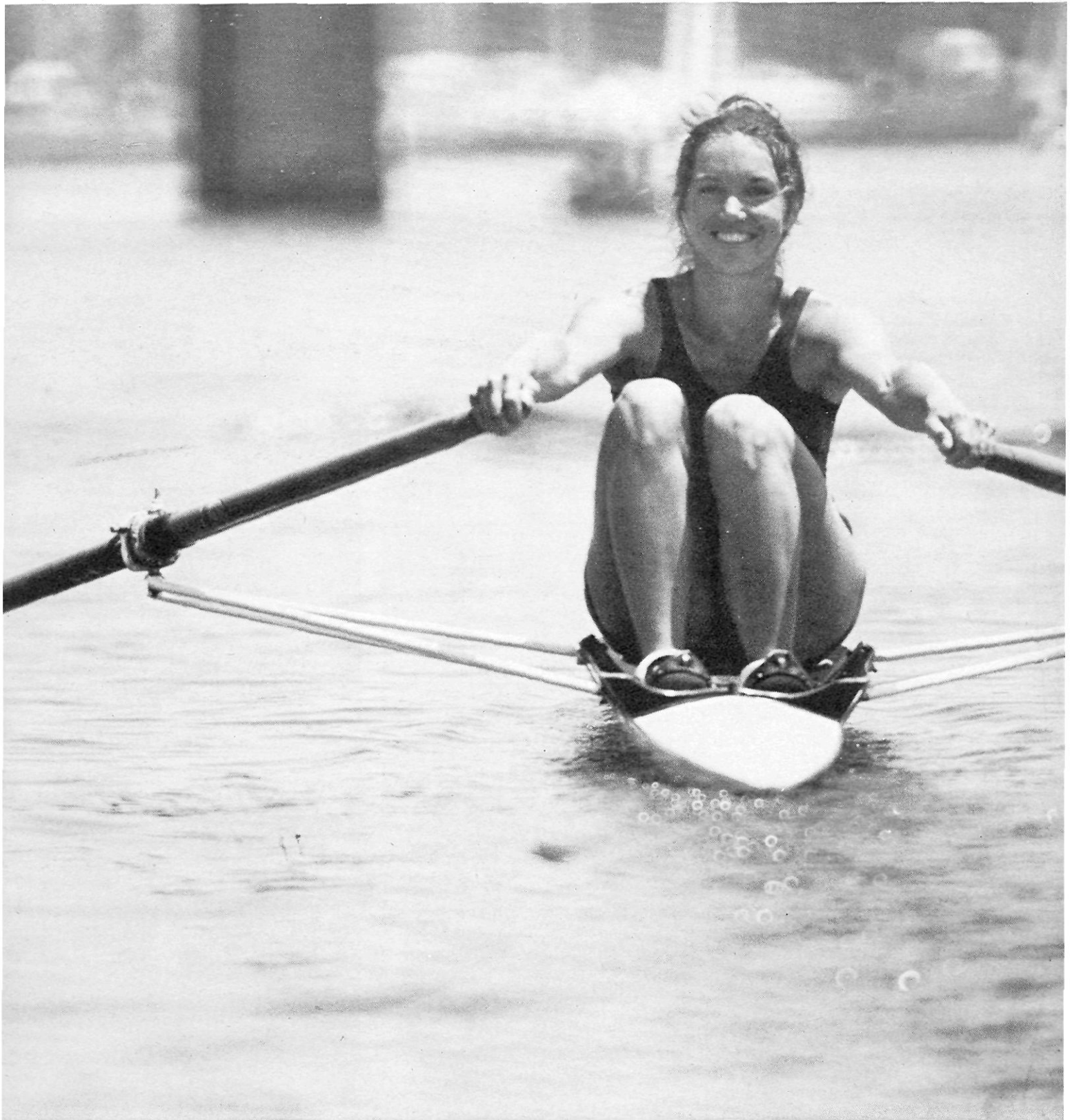


LONDON DAILY EXPRESS-PICTORIAL PARADE

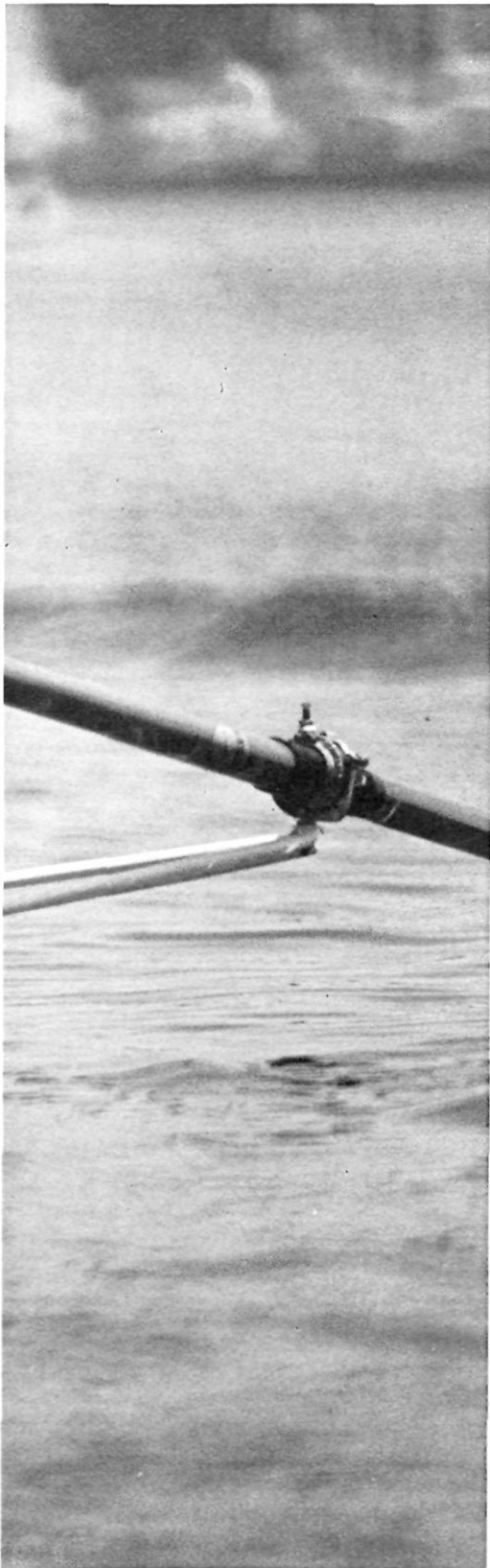


WIDE WORLD

JOEYS



Photographs by Nancy Moran



Joan Lind propels her racing shell on the Long Beach canal. She won her national title in this single-scul event.



Even the horseplay in Joan's life has to do with rowing. She is being squirted here by John Van Blom, an Olympic rower.

JOAN LIND, A HUMAN HYDROFOIL,

Because Joan Lind's boyfriend was on the Long Beach, Calif. State college crew, she decided to take up rowing herself. Now four years later she's lost the boyfriend, but last month at the age of 21 she won her second consecutive national sculling championship.

"I got into it by chance," Joan, a 5'9", 140-lb. senior, admits. "Then I got hooked. I love to win, or maybe I just hate losing so much. I didn't realize I was that competitive."

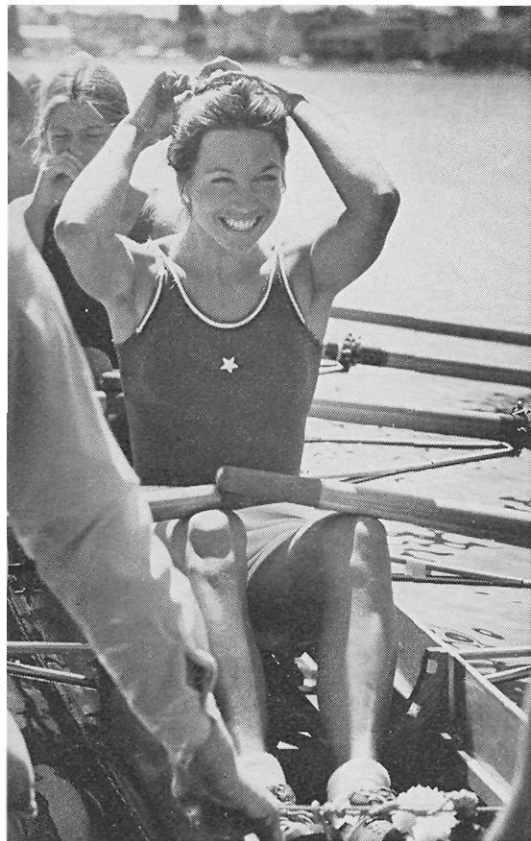
She is training hard these days for the world rowing meet next month in Lucerne, Switzerland. (Last year she placed sixth in the single-scul competition, held in Moscow—the first American woman ever to place in the finals.)

Her schedule is relentless. She is in bed every night at 9:30 p.m. and out on the water by 6 a.m. for three hours of workouts pulling the oars. She runs and lifts weights, along with other members of the U.S. women's rowing team. Joan's body is ready for such punishment: she has been an athlete all her life. Body surfing, tennis and badminton were all part of growing up in Southern California. A bike ride of 123 miles down to San Diego was a mere hop, skip and pump.

Her hometown of Long Beach has



Weight-lifting is an important part of Joan's daily training for developing the shoulders and arms.



A quick fix of the hair gives way to a mighty pull as Joan and her Long Beach teammates head down the marked course.

had a special affinity for rowing since 1932, when the bankrupt Japanese Olympic team sold the city its boats to raise passage money home. Joan is the daughter of a retired Long Beach policeman and is only four credits away from a degree in physical education. She wants to teach at a junior high school near home.

Her young life is taken up almost entirely by the Long Beach Rowing Association, one of the best in the country. "We have little parties and dinners," Joan says. "I used to date a lot, but I just don't seem to have time for it anymore." It may be some time before her social life improves. "I don't plan to do this for the rest of my life," Joan says, adding with a sly smile: "I can't see myself doing it much beyond the age of 76."



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LOOKOUT

A GUIDE TO THE UP AND COMING

Keith Zych is at 16 by all odds the nation's youngest and most unusual "brain surgeon." Most afternoons during the school year, he shuttled from Marquette University High School in Milwaukee to the Medical College of Wisconsin to visit his tiny patients. There, working under a dissecting microscope with minute instruments, Keith removed tissue from the brains of adult mice and replaced it with brain tissue from mice embryos. His goal: to discover if implanted embryonic brain tissue is compatible, in hopes of finding new ways to treat brain injuries.

Encouraged by his parents, Louis and Helen Ann Zych of suburban Bayside, Keith began his experiments at age 12, working on a cancer research project with a city health department virologist. Thereafter the Zyches sought and found support for Keith's projects at the Medical College.

Keith, who plans of course to be a brain surgeon, has managed, between transplants, to win several art and writing awards. Keith's research has earned several science fair awards. This summer he is indulging another passion—sailing. And next fall, after only three years of high school, Keith will be admitted to Marquette University.



David Lan, a South African playwright of promise, found nowhere to go in his homeland. It does not have an off-Broadway theater to shelter the kind of provocative plays he wrote. So David took his plays to London where innovative writers can find appreciative audiences. There recently, just before his 22nd birthday, two of David Lan's plays were simultaneously produced to great acclaim.

The son of white, middle-class South Africans of Russian descent, David may have moved to England, but his art is still rooted in South Africa—both his London plays are set there. *Painting A Wall* explores the frustrations of four painters during a day's work; *Bird Child* is a potent, full-length work on student dropouts. "A playwright with enormous promise," says Oscar Lewenstein, artistic director of the English Stage Company and longtime producer of such talents as John Osborne and David Storey. Critics have praised Lan's uncommon flare for characterization and scene-setting. Half of the ten one-act plays he wrote as a student at the University of Cape Town were rejected for production because of their sexual content. Of this censorship, David now says: "It was the difference between what the university thought the 17-18 age group was interested in and what I thought interested them."

HAL PRINCE: HE REIGNS OVER THAT STRANGE LAND, BROADWAY

Ushers are sweeping away the peanut shells and discarded theater programs from under the bleacherlike seats. A matinee crowd has just departed the theater, chattering and smiling, perhaps a bit stiff from having sat on benches and stools for the two-hour, intermissionless performance of Broadway's biggest hit—*Candide*. They have enjoyed what the *New York Times* called "one of the few luminous delights of the New York theater" and the winner, to boot, of five Tonys this season.

With the theater empty, the young cast gathers on one of the larger ramps which have been hauled into the cavernous space, left when the stage and orchestra seats of the Broadway Theater were removed. This is *Candide*'s unique setting. And here producer-director Harold Prince—Broadway's undisputed ruler—is holding the last of his checkup rehearsals before going off to his summer residence on the island of Majorca.

Small of frame, Prince hunches forward to address his rapt listeners, more troll-like than regal: "The audience was sensational, as always, so you've got to be spoiled, but..." Then rapidly, un-

erringly, succinctly, Prince nails the weak spots in the performance he's just watched, suggesting a change of emphasis here, a tightening up in a bit of business there. To hear such a Hal Prince discourse is to understand why he has been described as "the most creative man in the American musical theater today."

Candide is a double triumph—for Prince and for the show itself. It was originally staged in December 1956 and received mixed reviews, despite a distinguished lineup behind it: director Sir Tyrone Guthrie, playwright Lillian Hellman, composer Leonard Bernstein, lyricists Richard Wilbur, John Latouche and Dorothy Parker. It flopped 73 performances later. But through the years, fanned by the original-cast recording of Bernstein's haunting score and a number of concert-type revivals, *Candide* became a legendary, if "unproducible," musical. About a year ago an adventuresome repertory group, the Chelsea Theater, decided to revive *Candide* and asked Hal Prince to direct it in the attic of the old Brooklyn Academy of Music. Prince first said no, then could not resist the challenge when he found some time on his hands

On a ramp in the Broadway Theater, perfectionist Hal Prince evaluates his 'Candide' cast to make sure they are sharp seven months after the opening.

after mounting his 1973 hit, *A Little Night Music*.

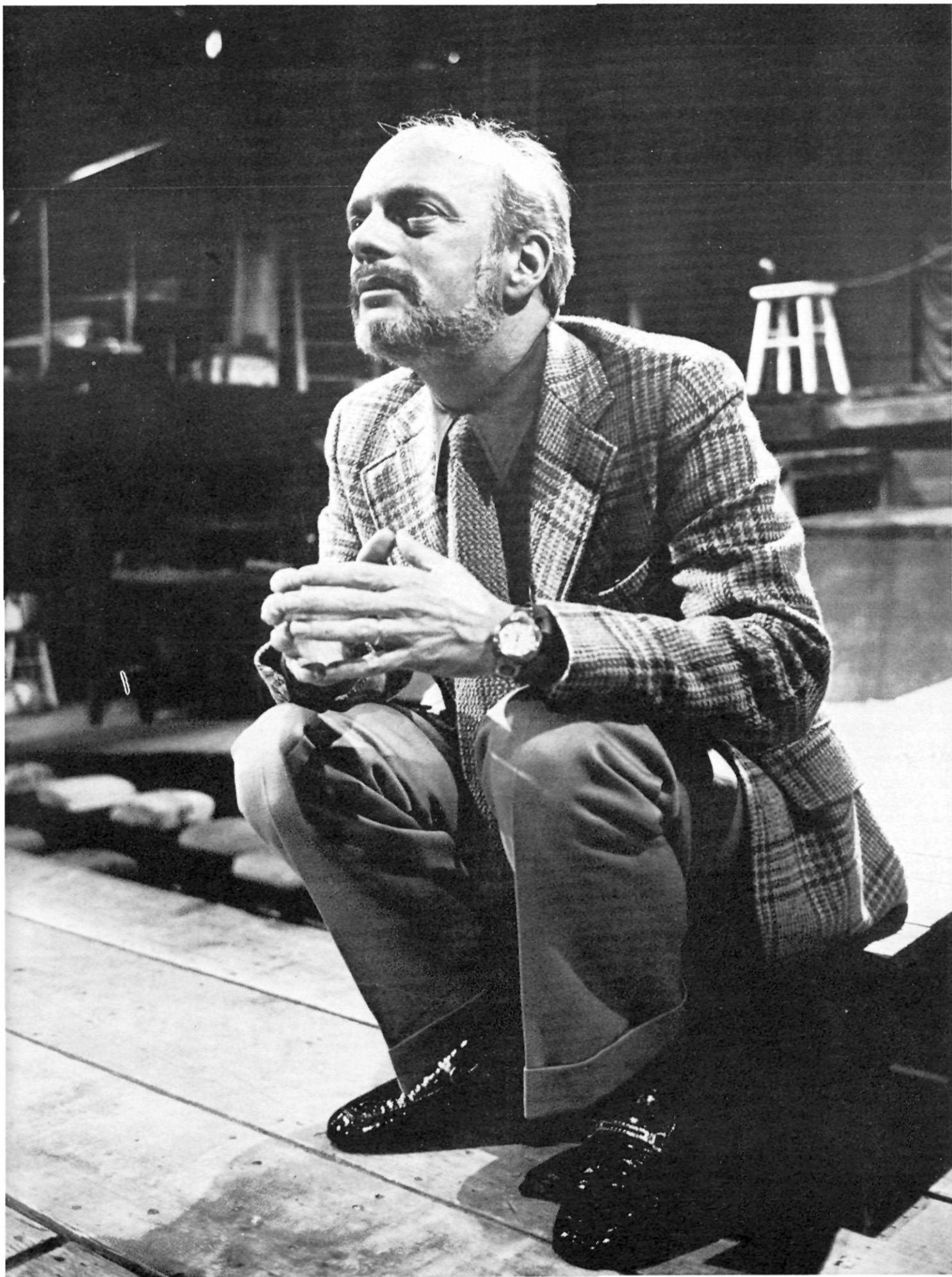
As far back as he can remember, Prince says that he wanted to express himself in the theater. Born in 1928, the only son of a middle-class New York stockbroker, Prince was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. "For a time I got by on pie-in-the-sky optimism, rather than any tangible evidence I could do anything," he recalls. "I got my first job in New Jersey—I was 20—and I told them I had lots of credits, which I didn't. They gave me the job; I did four plays there and was then able to go to New York and work with George Abbott."

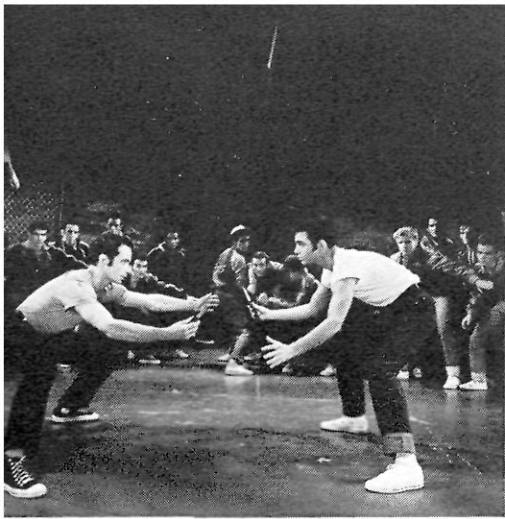
Director-producer-writer-actor George Abbott, a near-mythic figure in the theater—and still active at 87—was the most influential force in Prince's theatrical career. "There are too few people to apprentice to today. I had this great privilege to stumble into Abbott's office and have a man of his size be human enough to tell me that I had something to offer and to go ahead and do it." Prince learned the business from the footlights up as assistant stage manager to the much-in-demand Abbott. Perhaps some of the coruscating authority Prince has been known to wield owes something to his training under Abbott, a benevolent despot whom all actors, regardless of stature, unfailingly address as "Mister."

With two years out for military service—Prince was the first resident of New York City drafted during the Korean war—his apprenticeship lasted from 1948 to 1954. Then, with Bobby Griffith, Abbott's veteran production stage manager, he began producing himself. "I was a failed playwright," says Prince, "and I wanted to direct, but I went backwards, thank God, and because I couldn't do what I wanted I got stuck around Abbott, Jerome Robbins and Bobby Griffith." Starting with

The young cast of 'Candide,' Broadway's biggest hit this season, listens to director Prince at a checkup rehearsal.







Two street gangs, the Jets and the Sharks, fought in 'West Side Story,' Prince's first show with Steve Sondheim.



Janis Paige and John Raitt starred in the 1954 hit 'The Pajama Game,' Prince's first co-production on Broadway.



Zero Mostel was the original Tevye in 'Fiddler on the Roof,' which set a Broadway record of 3,242 performances.

The Pajama Game, Griffith and Prince collaborated on an astonishing series of musical hits, including *Damn Yankees*, *West Side Story* and *Fiorello!* Bobby Griffith died in 1961, and since then Prince has shown that he can do it alone.

Although he was a producer who involved himself in all aspects of production, not simply raising the money and hiring the cast and other talent, Prince was not content. Seeking new fields to conquer, in 1962 he directed a touring company of *The Matchmaker* for New York's Phoenix Theater. Then, in 1963, producer Prince took the bold step of assigning himself to direct his new show, *She Loves Me*, a succès d'estime. A career was launched. Prince next directed producer Alex Cohen's *Baker Street*, which foundered expensively. But with *Cabaret*, which he produced and directed in 1966, Prince won his first Tony for direction. The prestigious sequence of *Company*, *Follies* and *A Little Night Music* followed before Hal Prince, at 45, succumbed to the siren call of *Candide*.

In Prince's Rockefeller Center office a big wheel of fortune inscribed with the names of his shows dominates the room. From behind an antique Queen Anne desk, he describes how he tackled the latest addition to that list of productions:

"I began to play the game of *Candide* without the pressure of being sole producer. Voltaire's original *Candide* is an odyssey and a schoolboy's prank. What could I do to make it unclassical, unpompous? I wanted audiences to react, as Voltaire's original readers must have, and say, 'Oh, that's too much, that's bad taste.' "

To stage Voltaire's familiar story of an unquenchable optimist who endures the most grotesque buffetings of fortune, Prince created an "odyssey" on stage, during which the large energetic and uninhibited cast weaves up and down ramps, in and out of the audience.

Prince is still puzzled why, in the seven months since *Candide* opened, it hasn't attracted more controversy. "Maybe it's because I'm middle-aged, but during the whole rehearsal period we all thought we were doing outrageous things—the grand inquisitor with dyed blond hair and lipstick, all those virgins being raped and raped, and the comic 'Jew.' I had more letters about the rabbi in *Fiddler on the Roof*."

Candide was an immediate hit when it opened in Brooklyn last December, and the decision to move it to Broadway was inevitable. The cost of the move was a staggering \$475,000, which included tearing out a thousand theater seats and making major structural changes to accommodate the free-wheeling production. *Candide* will have to play for a year at capacity business to turn a profit. Whatever the gamble, it is just one of many by which Prince made a million dollars by age 35. The show has already paid off in another way. After 18 years *Candide* is the triumph it should have been originally, and Prince has moved significantly toward a coveted goal—recognition as a director first and producer second.

In the 1950s Prince was dismayed when his aggressive, anxious manner made him the butt of Broadway jokes. After enduring Prince as a producer on his *Pajama Game*, author Richard Bis-

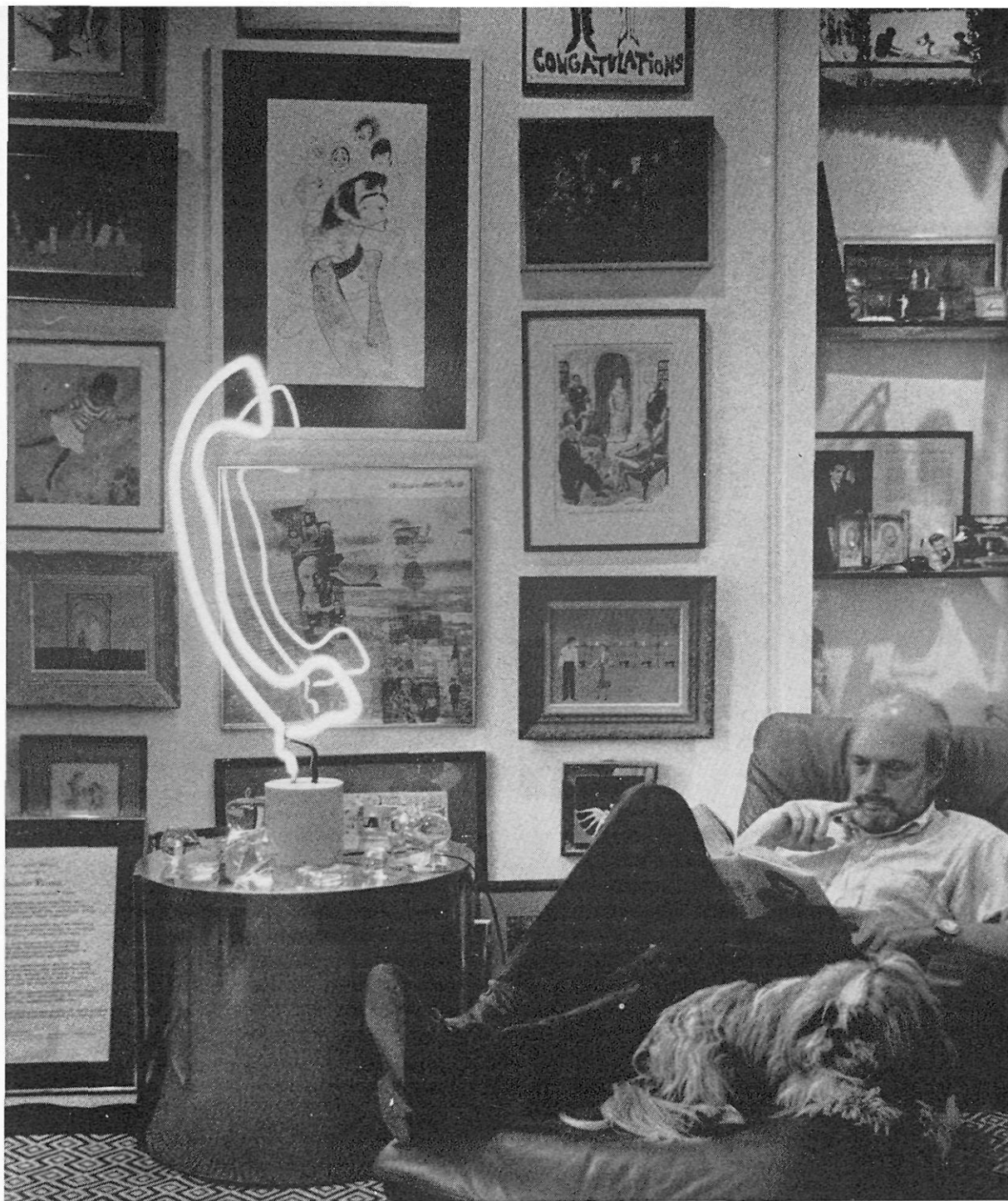
sell caricatured him in his book *Say, Darling*. It in turn became a Broadway musical, with actor Robert Morse doing a bug-eyed, manic and devastating burlesque of Prince. "They made fun of me, sure, but that wasn't really me," Prince tries to explain. "Like Priestley at 80, who said, 'I feel like I'm 24, but I'm doing a nice old man's act for them,' well, I did a performance too."

Maybe. But his good friend, the composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim (they have collaborated on five shows, including *West Side Story*, *Company* and *Follies*) is a game addict who conceived one just for Prince. It is a complicated board game somewhat like Monopoly, called "Broadway." The toughest, daringest, most ambitious player inevitably dominates "Broadway." Sondheim reports, "Hal always wins."

Fiddler on the Roof, the longest-running musical in Broadway history, added substantially to Prince's fortune. Professionally, he is now a considerably relaxed man, but his reticence about his personal life has always been notable in a business where intimate details are routine column fodder.

A bachelor until his early 30s, he is married to Judy Chaplin, daughter of composer-producer Saul Chaplin. They have two children, Charley, born in 1963, and Daisy, born in 1965. Friends say that Judy is witty and intellectual and dedicated to her husband's success. They live on Manhattan's Upper East Side in a five-story townhouse and spend July and August at their villa in Majorca.

Judy seems to have brought a calming influence into Prince's life: "I told her I was terrified when I went into rehearsal with *Candide*, and she just said,



JILL KREMENTZ

Surrounded by theater art and mementos, Prince lounges in his Manhattan townhouse with his Shih-tzu, Choppy.

'Oh you love it.' " Reflectively, he adds, "Until not very many years ago I was completely apolitical. To a great degree, it was my wife who made me responsible as a human. It seems I never had the time before being married."

He is even willing to read some political and social importance into his later musicals. He sees *Cabaret* as a metaphor, warning that what happened in Germany could happen here—"Look at Little Rock"; *Company* "took a cynical look at modern marriage," and *Follies* (a \$700,000 loser) dealt with "fear of growing old."

After such innovative, original musicals as *Company* and *Follies*, some critics found *A Little Night Music* a step backward, since it was not an original work but an adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's film *Smiles of a Summer Night*. Prince just smiles himself. "Bergman liked it enormously."

This fall Prince will not only be the busiest theater man in the U.S. but will spread his talent over a remarkable range. He is to direct a Phoenix Repertory revival of Congreve's *Love for Love*; he will open *A Little Night Music* in London; he will launch the touring company of *Candide*. Thereafter he will present a new musical on Broadway called *Pacific Overtures*—Sond-

heim will again provide music and lyrics—dealing with Commodore Perry in Japan.

Finally Prince will direct his first opera for the New York City Opera Company. "Somewhere too is another movie," he admits, his first being a curious and unsuccessful Gothic tale called *Something for Everyone*.

It would only be surprising if Prince, with his millions, his 15 Tony awards and the adulation of theater-goers and critics, were not an optimist like *Candide*. "But I've always been optimistic," he insists, "and I am younger now than I was ten years ago. I just don't want to be an establishment optimist any more."

JIM WATTERS

WINNERS



Painting a mural is one way Tori Clark and her classmates brought the whale's plight to public attention.

TORI PLEADS FOR WHALES IN JAPAN

Ten-year-old Tori Clark grew up having all the conventional love affairs with animals: kittens, puppies, horses and the occasional rabbit. Then the freckle-faced San Francisco redhead discovered whales—and their plight as an endangered species. “It started as a nature study,” says Tori’s fifth-grade teacher, Mrs. Marianne Maruyama. “Gradually we got involved, and then we became addicted.”

All the kids in Tori’s class at the private Discovery Center School were caught up in the save-the-whale crusade, but none more passionately than Tori. She got in touch with a nonprofit California organization called Project Jonah. It has been encouraging children all over the world to draw pictures, write letters, compose poems, and generally make nuisances of themselves until governments—especially those of Japan and Russia, whose whale-hunters are responsible for more than four-fifths of the annual kill—agree to a 10-year moratorium on hunting. It is an upsea battle. The offenders cite economic necessity, and their harpoons keep flying.

Such intransigence did not discour-

age Tori and her classmates. They held whale fairs, painted pictures, baked whale-shaped cookies, called whale press conferences, staged a whale television show and even went to sea on a whale watch. “We didn’t see anything but brown jelly fish,” recalls Tori, “and everybody got seasick, including me.” For Tori, love’s labor was not lost. She was chosen by Project Jonah to represent the U.S. at an international gathering of concerned whalophiles in Tokyo last month.

“I couldn’t believe I was the one going to Japan,” says Tori. “I got my shots and vaccination and I bought shoes and dresses. Japanese girls don’t wear pants like we do.”

For Tori, who lives with her divorced mother and 6-year-old brother, the trip was so exciting she skipped meals and came home ten pounds lighter. The only disappointment was that she and her two fellow emissaries did not get to see Japanese Premier Tanaka. They had hoped to appeal to him personally to support the moratorium on whale killing. “Maybe Mr. Watanabe [the official who received them] can reason better than we could,” says Tori,

With her favorite mammal in the background, Tori ponders new ways to save the whale from extinction.

“and Tanaka will not take offense.” Tori and the other children, one from Sweden, the other from Canada, had brought Tanaka 26,000 letters from children around the world who feel as they do. “Each of us made a little speech,” recalls Tori. “I said I represented many people who cared about saving the whale, that a lot of people had put time and energy into whale fairs and whale demonstrations, and that we’d got the mayor of San Francisco [Joseph Alioto] to proclaim



PAUL FUSCO/MAGNUM

**Tori and two fellow emissaries present
save-the-whale petitions to an official of
the Japanese government.**

International Whale Day."

Despite these good works, a whale is still being killed every 14 minutes. But Tori is not ready to give up the fight. She will be going to a new school in nearby San Rafael this fall, and she hopes to continue the crusade by founding another chapter of Project Jonah. "We found so many people in Japan who cared for the whales the way we did," she says optimistically. "It gets better all the time."

NANCY FABER

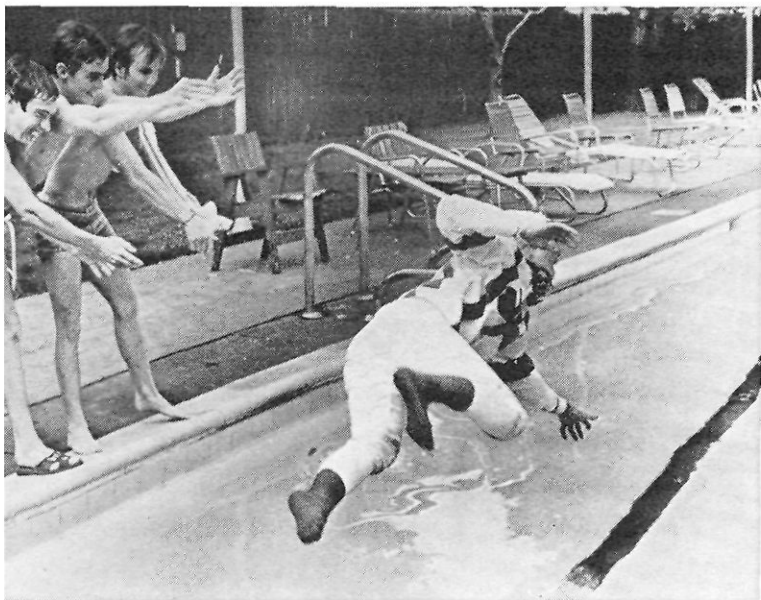


SANKEI SHIMBUN

IN TROUBLE

Prepared for battle >

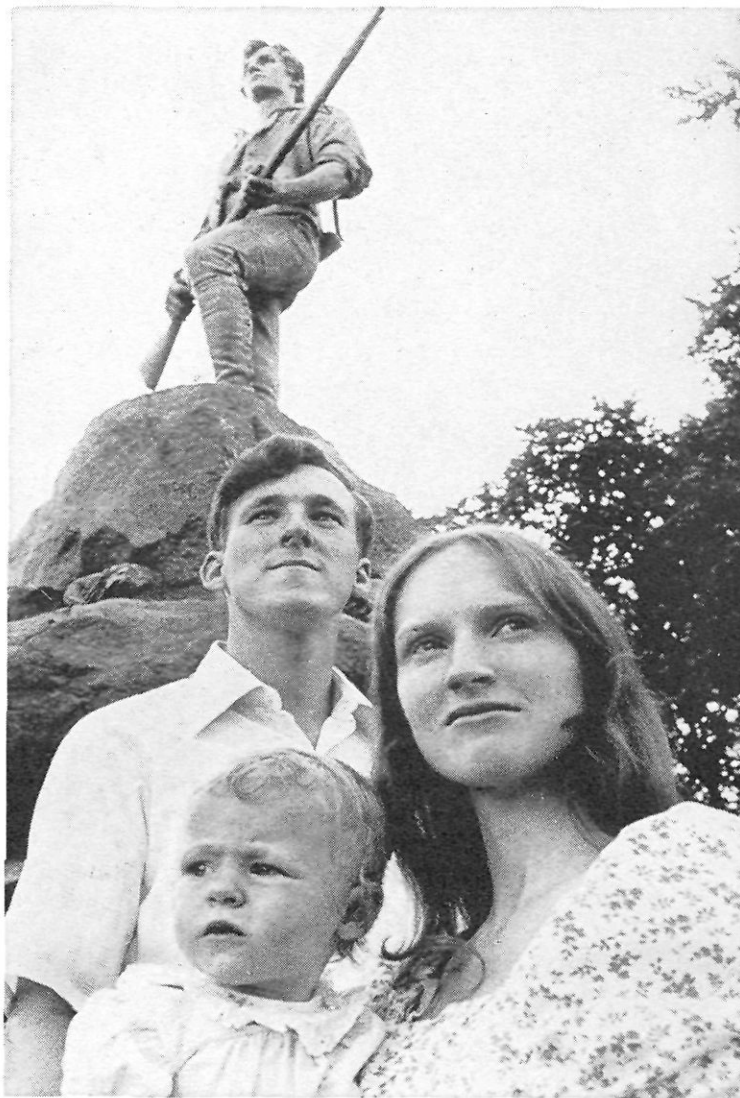
The historic *Minute Man* statue of Lexington, Mass. behind him, Donald Boyd, 23—here with his wife Joanne and their 11-month-old daughter Kristin—stands ready for his own kind of battle. Barred from West Point graduation this June because he is married (secretly, since 1972), the dean's-list student plans to appeal the constitutionality of the school's antimarriage rule. Because he refuses to resign, Boyd has been denied not only a sheepskin, but also a commission. That, says Boyd, means "I could be put in the army as an enlisted man."



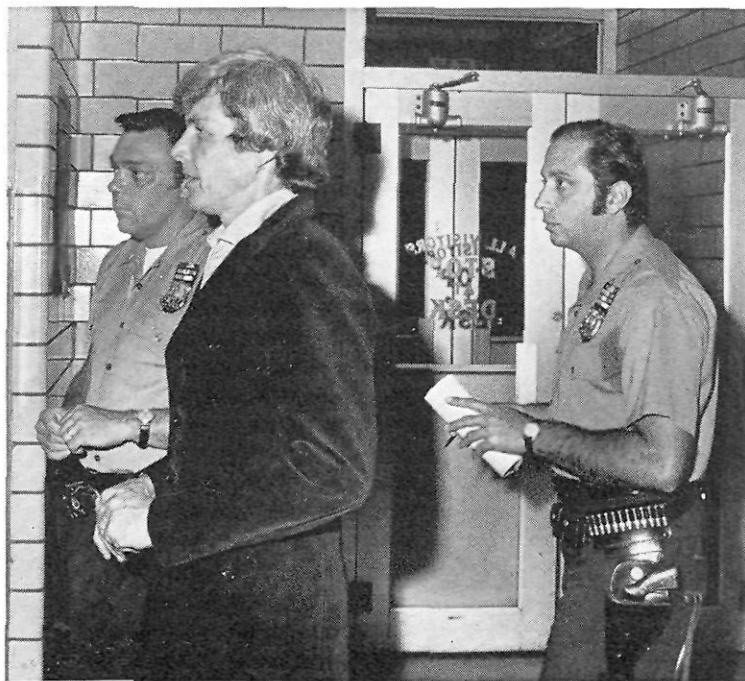
WIDE WORLD

Mary takes a dive ^

It was hardly the first race top woman jockey Mary Bacon had ever won; in fact it was her second win at Monmouth Park this season. But borrowing a bit from the track tradition that first-time winners get doused with buckets of water, Mary's fellow jockeys worked up a mischievous spirit, despite the torpid 90° temperature. They heave-hoed comely blond Mary into the track's private pool, racing silks and all. Usually prickly-tempered Mary took the cooling-off good-naturedly—a result no doubt of the weather, and the fact that they allowed her some moments of preparation so that, at least, she dived with her boots off.



UPI



N.Y. DAILY NEWS

A former schoolmarm v

Barbie Lewandowski lived a tranquil life in Greendale, Wis. teaching school nearby and occasionally modeling—clothed of course. Then *Penthouse* discovered Barbie, and in the current issue she appears in a series of pictures, like the one below, that have agitated a lot of folks in Greendale. Although Barbie has her supporters, the school board was not among them. They said that she had to go for conduct unbecoming a schoolmarm.

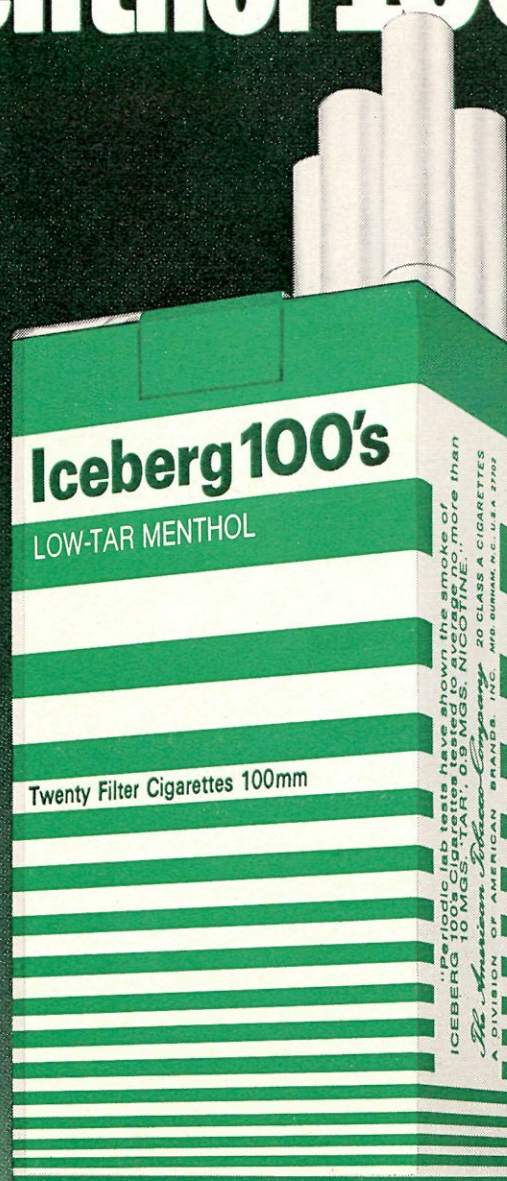


JOE BROOKS/PENTHOUSE

Steve Smith's bad trip <

Elegantly turned out with a velvet suit and a woman companion, Stephen Smith was headed for a chic Manhattan disco, only to wind up in a police station for refusing to pay a 60¢ cab fare. The brother-in-law of the late President Kennedy, who handles the Kennedy fortune, got angry when the neophyte driver headed in the wrong direction. Messing with a New York cabby is not recommended—even for a Kennedy relative. Driver Phillip Besares called the police, who charged Smith with petty “theft of service.” For his pains, Besares got a meager tip: he was fired the next day.

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COURTES

TV'S DINGBAT AND HUSBAND: HOME IS A SUMMER STAGE

For 13 seasons the Totem Pole Playhouse was a mom-and-pop summer-stock operation in the foothills of the Alleghenies near Gettysburg, Pa. The producer-director William Putch helped to build scenery. His wife Jean played parts in many of his productions, as did their two kids, and the Putches lived simply in a log-frame house under the pines of a state forest. The theater did well enough, but seats were usually available. Then suddenly, three summers ago, tickets became as tight as for the Miami Dolphins—it was a season subscription or nothing. What had happened was that Mrs. Putch, whose stage name is Jean Stapleton, had become Edith Bunker in 1971's breakthrough TV series, *All in the Family*.

Nowadays Jean plays only a couple of two-week runs at Totem Pole each season between her commitments in Hollywood, and she must live half the year away from her husband in their other home in West Los Angeles. The

Director William Putch and actress wife Jean Stapleton enjoy the great outdoors in their summer-stock retreat.



kids, Pamela, 15, and John, 12, spend the school year in L.A. but take final exams by correspondence in Pennsylvania. And Putch often has to play the role of prince consort. "It isn't easy for him, being Mr. Stapleton, when he's with me out there," says Jean, gesturing through the pines to that nether world she nonetheless also loves.

The other cloud in the Putches' sunnily busy new existence has been Bill's six-year battle with cancer of the lymph system. Bill, "a strong believer in medical science," was one of 15 so afflicted to enter an experimental program at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda. Jean, although a devout Christian Scientist since child-

Edith Bunker fans flip when they spy Stapleton at the Graeffenberg, the 1740s inn the Putches run near their playhouse.

hood, drove him there for treatments, "never once," he says, "giving me the feeling that I was doing the wrong thing. And it may be that her supportive faith," Bill believes, "is the reason why I'm the only one of the 15 still alive."

The Putches met when Jean was touring in *Harvey* in Olney, Md. A mutual friend took him backstage after he had seen the play, and Bill and Jean were pen pals and then courting for eight years before they married in 1957. "One thing about us as a working couple," says Putch, "we have respect for each other's formative periods. She's always said she was 'a Totem Pole widow,' but she'd stay on the periphery and keep the kids there until I was ready to start the season. She gave up Broadway plays, but she could always commute to do TV. When she started *All in the Family* I kept the kids in school here and let her work full-time on her character. When she won her first Emmy she thanked the three of us

Director Putch is permissive as Jean hams on an outing in the woods to the bemusement of daughter Pam and son John.



Photographs by Henry Grossman

—I think for staying out of the way.”

Bill Putch (rhymes with clutch) is from a family of first-generation Pittsburgh Italian-Americans—the name was Pucci, which an old-time immigration official figured wouldn’t play in the U.S. Bill studied, then taught drama at Carnegie Tech before becoming a director of live television in New York. As a Broadway stage manager he changed U.S. theater history with his bus-and-truck concept of taking touring productions to smaller cities that couldn’t sustain a regular road-company run.

In high school in Manhattan Jean had mostly musical interests (her mother was a concert and opera singer), and after a brief period as a secretary she began an acting career that had fallow periods of as long as two years. She did feature roles in *Rhinoceros* with Zero Mostel, and both the stage and screen versions of *Damn Yankees* and *Bells Are Ringing*. The stage is still her first love, and last summer at the Totem Pole she played Leona in *Time of the Cuckoo*, which she repeated at the Los Angeles Music Center this spring. Hoping for a starring role in a musical as her next stage effort, Jean is studying voice in Los Angeles. Her Totem Pole musicals have included *Call Me Madam* and *Hello, Dolly!*, which she despises but whose title song did give her the opportunity to ad-lib the lyric, “Wa, wa, wa, fellas, look at the dingbat now, fellas” that won her the ovation of a lifetime.

Jean appreciates her stardom (although Bill says, “it’s come too late in life to turn her head”), mostly because it gives her selectivity. “Fame is an unreal and unimportant thing,” she says. “To me the goal was always constant work. But it’s nice to have the approval and to hear the laughter.” The roles she won’t take (and that are offered all the time) are those that have any of the qualities of simple-minded if sympathetic Edith Bunker. Jean neither feels cursed nor bored with *All in the Family* (“there’s lots of potential for this show yet”), but it is true that audiences at *Klute*, her first movie feature after the series became popular, giggled out loud when they saw her in a serious role. She looks to her planned next movie project, on the later years of Eleanor Roosevelt, to change her image. “She was a woman,” says Jean, “who blossomed as a person in her later years, a woman with a case of the uglies who became beautiful.” That’s typecasting. ROBERT WINDELER

Jean rehearses the last of her two current season Totem Pole productions, Paul Osborn’s ‘The Vinegar Tree.’



Superstitious?

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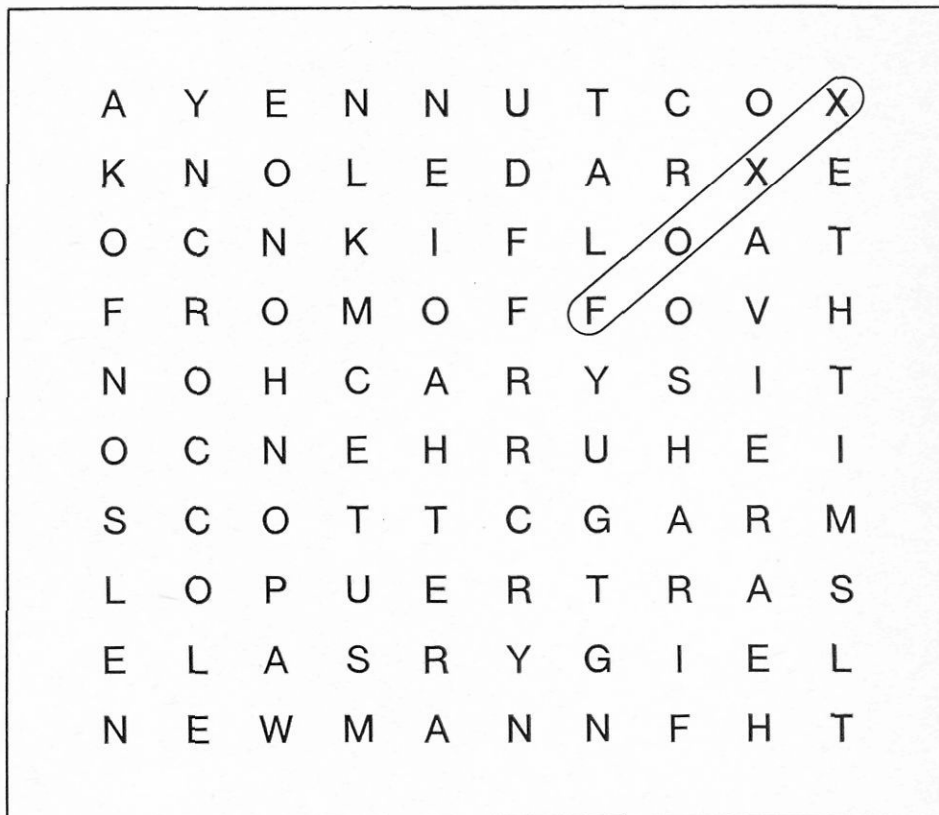
PEOPLE

PUZZLE

By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people, current and historical, are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We

have started you off by circling **FOXX**, the answer to 1, in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers next week.

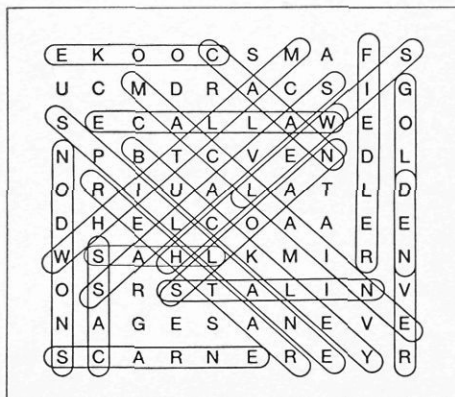


Clues

- 1 . The Redd and the black
- 2 . Fallen actress in Las Vegas
- 3 . Good casting for Paul
- 4 . After Gandhi
- 5 . Genial ex-world champion
- 6 . Happiness from Holland
- 7 . Minority mouthpiece
- 8 . Omar, the bridge man
- 9 . Madame Butterfly
- 10 . Philosopher of Left Bank
- 11 . God-bless-America lady
- 12 . Nixon's arch-opponent
- 13 . Gift horse from Germany
- 14 . Tiny tulip nut
- 15 . Rotund director and walk-on
- 16 . Natty king of song
- 17 . Dance's grande dame
- 18 . Champion's crooning cowboy
- 19 . London columnist
- 20 . This Franklin mints gold

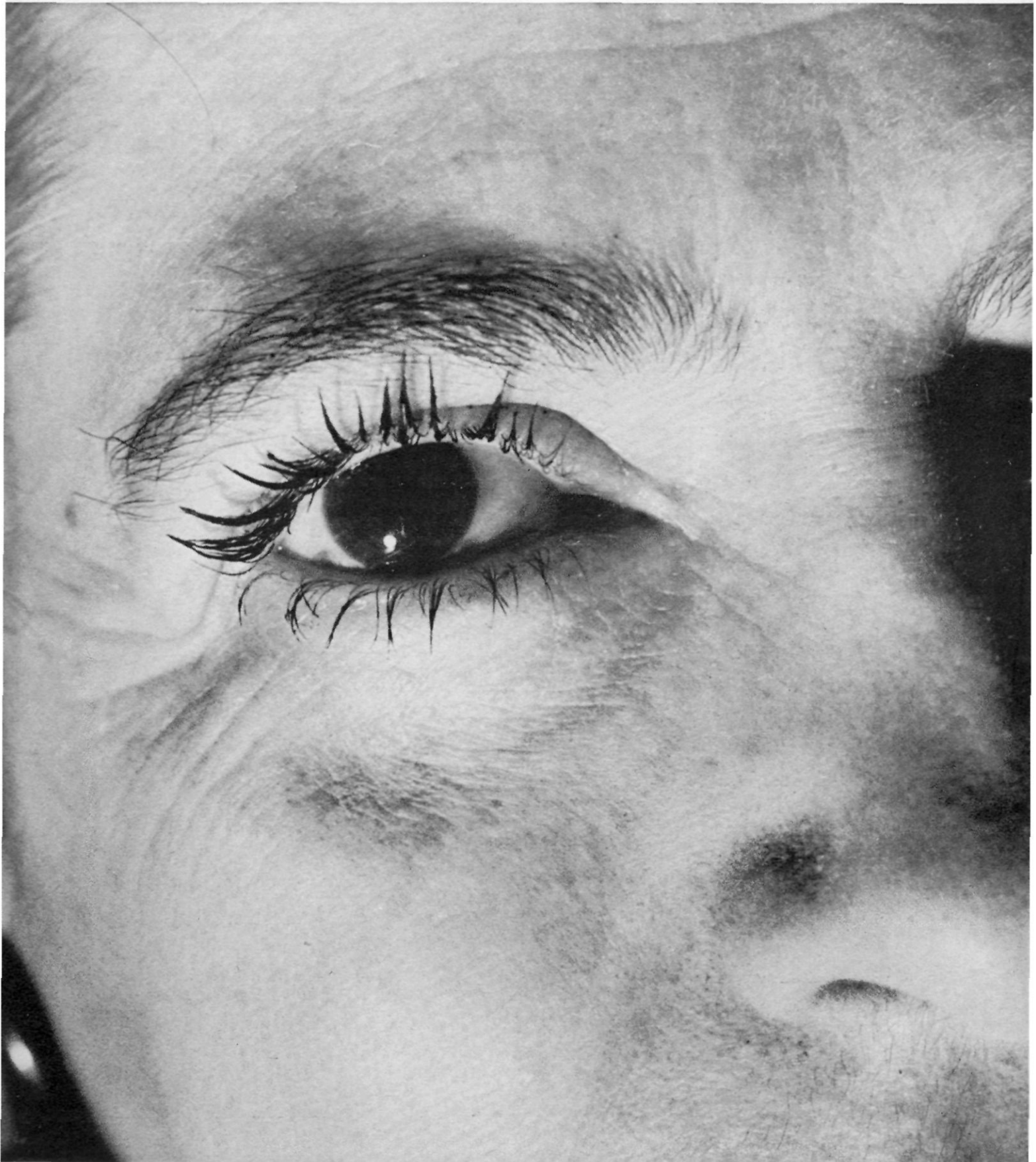
Answers to July 15 Puzzle

1. Sahl 2. Fiedler 3. Snowden 4. Denver 5. Wallace
6. Spillane 7. MacLaine 8. Buckley 9. Stalin 10. Sloan
11. Caan 12. Golden 13. Cass 14. Rather 15. Cooke
16. Lewis 17. Whitlam 18. Savalas 19. Scarne
20. Welch



IN HER OWN **WORDS**

In Washington, D.C. Svetlana Godillo has her astrologer's eye on political happenings in the capital.



BOTH TERRY ARTHUR



Working in her apartment, just six blocks from the White House, Svetlana charts the destinies of her politician neighbors.

SVETLANA: A WASHINGTON ASTROLOGER PEERS INTO THE POLITICAL FUTURE

Augury and politics have gone hand-in-hand for centuries, and there are still courts which maintain official soothsayers. In Washington, D.C. the top political astrologer is Svetlana Godillo, a former translator and medical writer, of German-Russian parentage, who came to the U.S. 22 years ago. Operating out of a top-floor apartment just six blocks from the White House, she makes a comfortable living as an astrologer, conducting two- to three-hour sessions with each client. But, like many a Washingtonian, Svetlana has a passion for politics. Among her past predictions: the departure of Ehrlichman and Haldeman from the White House. Now, for PEOPLE's Washington correspondent Clare Crawford, she gives the latest readings from her astrologic status board—some of them grim, some of them fun, and all meant to be taken about as seriously these summer days as a reading of the iced-tea leaves.

What do the stars show is ahead for the United States?

Complete upheaval this year and many dramatic and unsuspected events. Saturn is in the same transit as

in wartime. Continued tight money and shortages. Recession is possible, but not as likely as people think.

How will Richard Nixon fare?

First, Nixon had nothing to do with Watergate. It was sprung on him by hidden enemies. Coverup, no. Loyalty to his friends, yes. Second, he will not resign. He will not be removed from office beyond July, because going into August and September all the worst is over, and his chart starts to pull out from all the problems and stresses.

How does the Nixon chart compare with the U.S. chart?

They are unbelievably strongly tied together. And here I only worry about Nixon's health. His chart has been under tremendous stress and strain, and there is total exhaustion on this chart. I fear hospitalization for this man, and it may come suddenly. I also fear assassination and, if it occurs, it probably would happen in an amusement park. It comes up over and over again that it's tied to a place of amusement—perhaps Florida, which is a playground for the country.



WIDE WORLD

President Nixon "Every astrologer will tell you that this President and his Vice-President are not destined to serve out their terms—and Vice-President Agnew is already out."



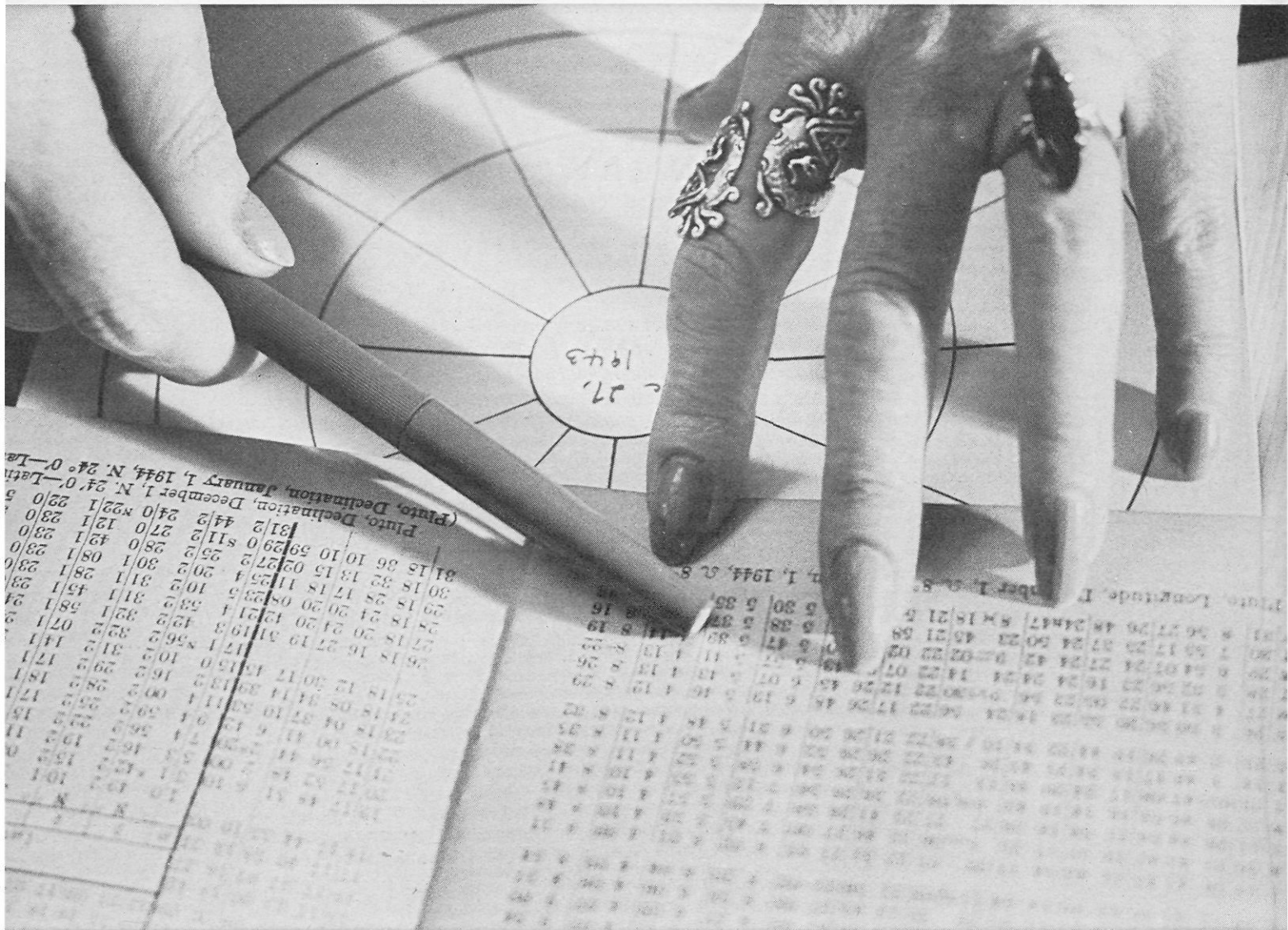
WIDE WORLD

Governor Wallace and wife "Willy-nilly, he is going to be thrown into the '76 campaign. His chart invites violence; he could be shot again. But nothing will stop this man."



UPI

Vice-President and Mrs. Ford "Mrs. Gerald Ford is thinking a lot about being the President's wife. She is thinking. He is not."



TERRY ARTHUR

Svetlana's hands trace the astrologic tables which, given the exact moment and place of a subject's birth, yield her predictions.



Franklin D. Roosevelt "Nixon was sworn in on a zero degree, void ascendant—Roosevelt had that on his last term. Kennedy had it."



Nelson Rockefeller "Whatever happens to Teddy Kennedy enhances Rockefeller. They play into each other's hands, even though they don't especially wish to."

What omens surround those close to the President?

Mrs. Nixon shows a readjustment and sorrow in her chart, with a change of direction for her this year. Ron Ziegler shows quite a drastic change, coming toward the end of this year, or maybe sooner. My chart of Rose Mary Woods also shows a tremendous change, which affects her boss.

How does Gerald Ford stand?

Nothing happens on his chart; he is completely unmoved by circumstances. He has only one aspect, or planet, moving on the chart. Now I don't know how a person can run the Presidency, or become President, with just one aspect on a chart. Perhaps, if the President is in the hospital, Ford will be Acting President—but so inactive that the Presidency doesn't affect him one iota. Like water over a duck.

And the chart for Teddy Kennedy?

I'm going to get ten billion enemies when I say this but, automatically, Ted Kennedy doesn't make it. Bad aspects on his chart show he has a problem with women. Boy, does he have a problem with women! There is no use asking Teddy Kennedy whether he will run or not. You better go interview Rose Kennedy, because whatever Rose says Teddy Kennedy will do, hatefully.

Hatefully?

That's right. This man wished to God he could have been left alone. He doesn't want the responsibility. He does everything unconsciously to prevent himself from going in that direction. There could be another Chappaquiddick. He doesn't know how to get out of the trap. If the Democrats draft him this man will be dead. He will never be President. Running him would be the worst thing that people could do to him.

Who will be nominated for President?

You have to remember that while I have this whole batch of charts before me, there might still be somebody whose chart I don't have who beats all of these. But I would say Rockefeller for President. I will put my money on this horse. That man has a drive, power and all the planetary positions to catapult him right into prominence. It's his age, his potency, his ability—I mean his wife must be unbelievably happy

with him. If I would be his advisor I would say, run, Rocky, run. This time, baby, you can make it.

What about the dark horses?

Elliot Richardson is under strong aspects for 1976. I would advise him to run, except I do not think he will make the Presidency. Maybe Vice-President. Senator Bayh? I don't think he's even running. His chart is very placid right now. I would say '84 or '88. Next is Henry Jackson. I would have voted for him four years ago, but there is no aspect in '76 that gets him anywhere. So much for Senator Jackson. Now Senator Percy—I hate to say this—is rather an opportunist. He really doesn't like controversy. I scratch him out. For Senator Mondale 1980 is a much better year to run.

Who else looms large for '76?

Governor Wallace. This is a chart that will never give up. This is a man who very possibly will walk. I said that the day he was shot; I knew he would survive. He is a born rebel, and rebels always run. He has the same aspect that Roosevelt had. Roosevelt liked to be in the limelight, and Wallace also likes it. It's a fatalistic chart in many ways. He may affect the Presidency tremendously. There's a danger he could be shot again. Naturally, you cannot predict death, but he will definitely be a person you will hear from, not only in '76 but in 1980.

Who else?

Spiro Agnew. He will come back, and it will be a very lucky streak, about '76, '78, '79. Whether he will make a million dollars with his book, or whatever, you will hear from Spiro Agnew again.

You have not mentioned Ronald Reagan.

Nobody can get his birth time, which I must have. But Reagan, according to rumors—and I'm sure they are true—does everything astrologically. Even his swearing-in ceremony, if you remember, was at a peculiar time, 12:07 or 12:09, and that for sure was done by an astrologer.

Finally, how much of all this do you yourself believe?

I believe only in God. I've found that astrology works most of the time, but I'm usually more surprised than my clients that it does work. □

OUT OF THE **PAGES**

THOMAS SANCHEZ: INDIAN BOOKS ARE HOT, AND HE CAN WRITE THEM

In late 1966, Thomas Sanchez, then 21, wrote the first words of *Rabbit Boss*, certain his novel would never be published. Nonetheless last year, Alfred Knopf did publish it, and though *Rabbit Boss* attracted only a small audience, it immediately found ardent apologists. "A rare and wonderful book," said the *Washington Post*. "Thomas Sanchez has vividly brought to life the Indian's ironic vision of the white man as a savage, as a waster, earth tourist and thief." But it was the sale of paperback rights to Ballantine Books, movie rights to producer Paul Monash (*Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *Slaughterhouse Five*), plus foreign publishing rights that brought Sanchez a fortune (\$750,000) and a host of readers. Since its paperback appearance this

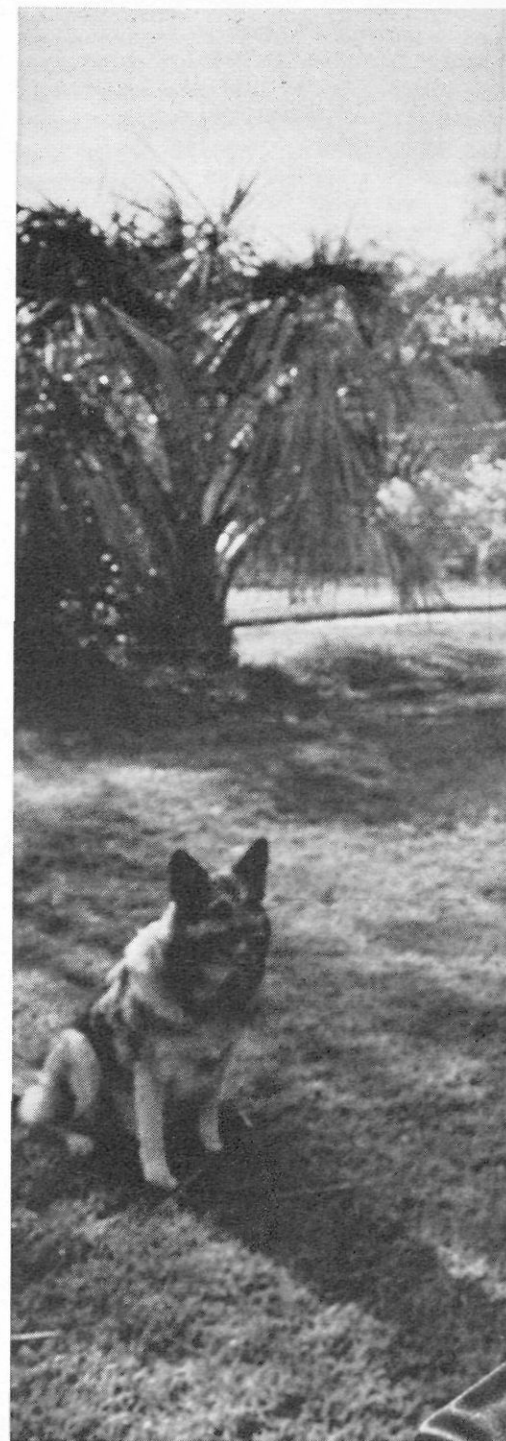
spring, *Rabbit Boss* has gone through three printings, spawned a student cult and sold some 300,000 copies.

Thomas Sanchez grew up in rural California, the grandson of a poor Spanish immigrant and the son of a navy man who was killed in World War II when his ship was torpedoed. Sanchez' mother married Charles Harden, a sometime servant to wealthy actors and later a commercial diver, who loved literature and passed his devotion on to young Tom. When the boy was 12, his mother fell ill and he was placed in a boarding school to which "the juvenile courts in San Francisco sent their incorrigible children." He recalls too that most of the teachers "were illiterate or subliterary." Many of the students were Chicanos, poor whites, blacks and Indians who became his friends, and whose disenfranchised and alienated lives he began to understand. Violence frequently erupted. "I still have scars on my hands from the time we wrecked the school," he says. "It was a combination of *If* and *Lord of the Flies*."

But Sanchez survived and finished public high school in Sacramento where he met his future wife Stephanie. The daughter of an Aerojet General executive, she was graduating at a precocious 15 when he was 17. Together they went to San Francisco State College, where Tom stayed on to take his M.A. in literature and to teach. "That is when I knew the system was corrupt," he says. "Anyone who would hire a 22-year-old kid to teach anything had to be corrupt."

Student rioting broke out on the campus in 1968. "Because I had been saying this would happen," he recalls, "my students would come to me and say 'How did you know?' It was what I saw. I had my eyes open."

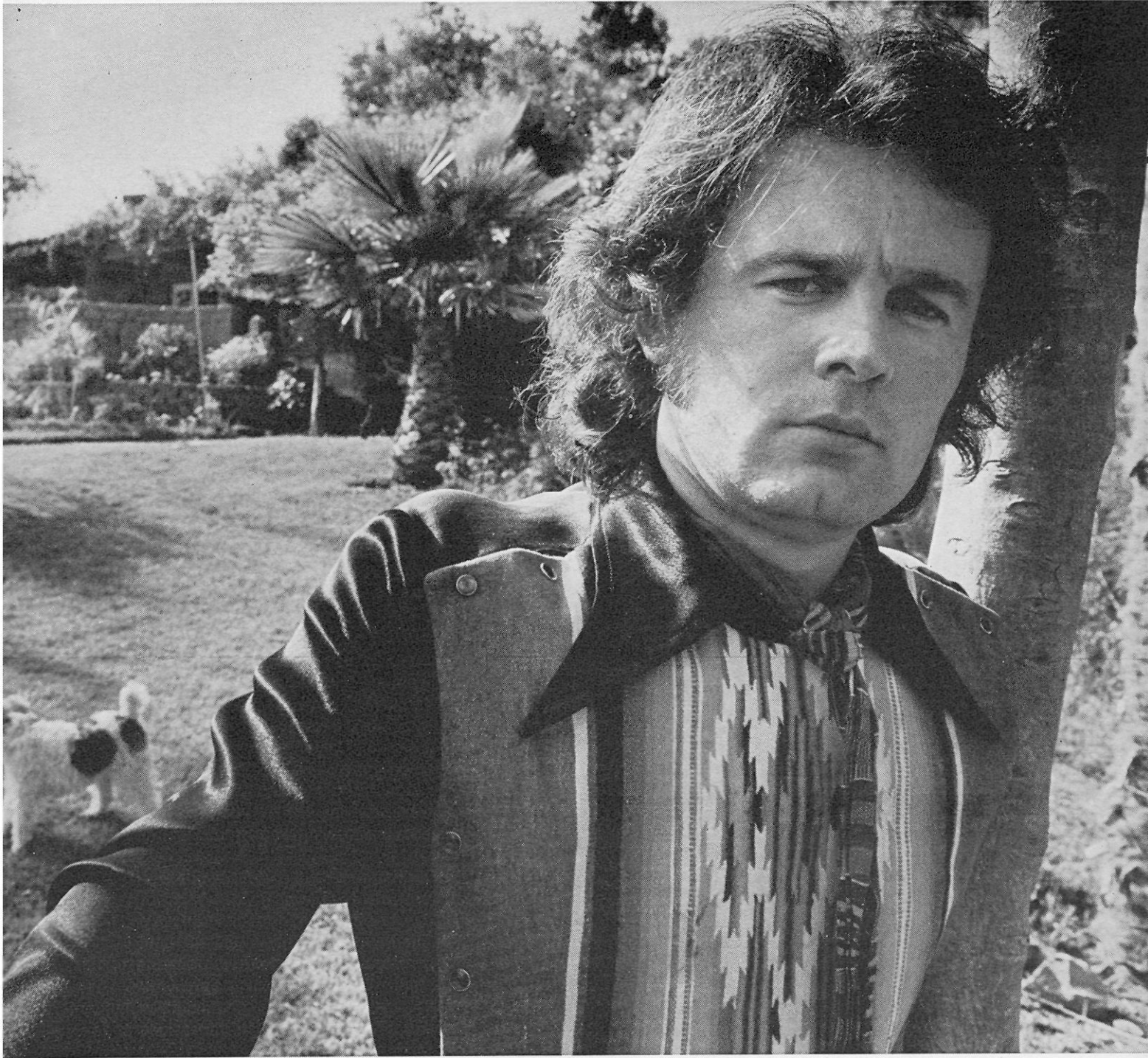
The galvanic events of 1968—the assassinations of Kennedy and King, the worsening situation in Vietnam and Nixon's election—persuaded Sanchez to leave America. By now married to Ste-



phanie and the father of a tiny daughter, he took his family to Spain. Encouraged by options and advances on his novel (eventually totaling \$10,000 over the seven years it took to write), Sanchez extended their hegira to Scotland, England, back to California and to Spain again. At that point, Sanchez—persuaded that he could play an active role in the Indian movement, then gaining momentum—was ready to return to the U.S. In late 1972, he settled the family in a splendid adobe house in the Santa Ynez Mountains above Santa Barbara.



The women in Sanchez' life are wife Stephanie ("I'm a nice Jewish girl from New York") and daughter Dante Paloma, 5.



From there, the genial author has been sallying forth to propagate his book. "I knew that if it wasn't displayed properly," he explains, "it was going to get killed. I said nobody's shoveling dirt on my book's grave." Then, green eyes twinkling, he speaks with the moral certitude usually reserved for works about sea gulls or the death of young brides: "I'm hijacking the American novel," he says to every interviewer. "I'm restoring the American language."

Rabbit Boss is an epic and episodic novel about four generations of Wash-

oe Indians. Without sensationalism, with little sex and no pabulum, it might be called a modern-day Book of Job. It is filled with trials, some tragic, some funny, all dismayingly human. The clash between white and Indian cultures underlies all the drama. As an Indian character named Rattles Ruggles tells Captain Rex, a hard-drinking Indian railroad worker, "If there is no more sun, there are no more Washoe. If there are no more Washoe, there is no more life. The people are all dead or dying. The white man has stolen our dreams. He has hidden the sun. We

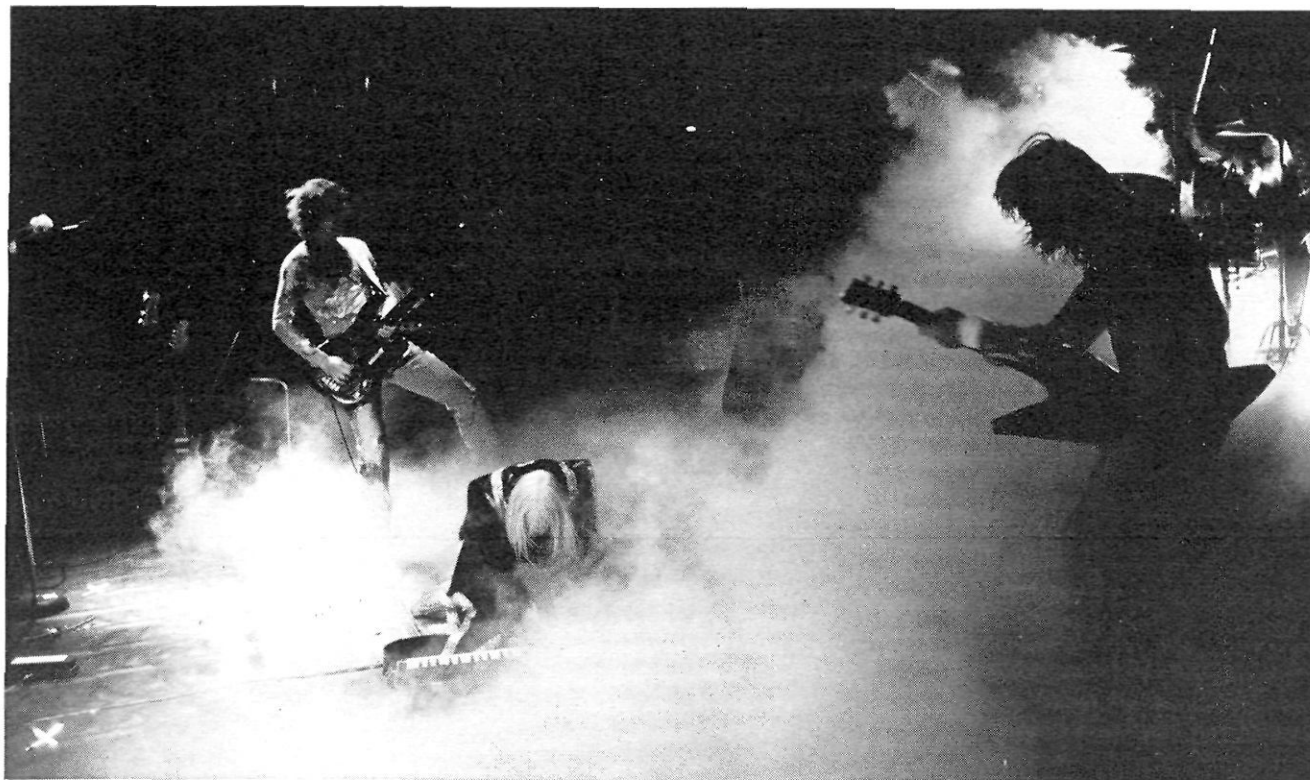
The author joins his German shepherd Louie and his wirehaired fox terrier Puppy Ducky in front of his hilltop house.

have lost our power, we die."

Writing in the huge, book-lined studio on the top floor of the sprawling house bought from a Santa Barbara polo player of the '50s, Thomas Sanchez is completing a nonfiction book titled *Moon of the Swan*. No one should be surprised to learn that it will deal with recent events at Wounded Knee. Indian books are the vogue, and Thomas Sanchez can write them.



FOR A SONG



EDGAR, THE OTHER WINTER, IS BEGINNING TO GET HOT

People have always stared at me," says Edgar Winter. "They still do, but now they have a better reason." The original reason was that Winter is an albino. The better one is that in the past year Winter, at 27, has finally eluded the shadow of his guitarist brother Johnny and become a rock superstar in his own right.

The first album of the Edgar Winter Group, *They Only Come Out at Night*, has sold beyond "gold" to "platinum" (1.6 million copies), and its new second album, *Shock Treatment*, is climbing toward the top of the charts. Currently, the group is embarked on a smash five-month, 69-city, cross-country tour. Twenty thousand came out to Madison Square Garden in star-surfeited, blasé New York and refused to leave before three encores.

Edgar, an exacting virtuoso on sax and keyboards, as well as a versatile

The Winters, Edgar (left) and Johnny, strike a rare but brotherly pose together in a New York recording studio.

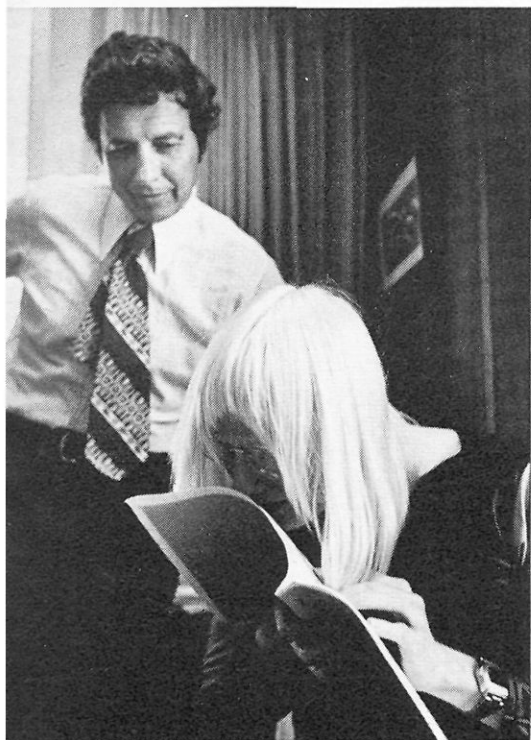
singer, shows the influence of the smoky jazz of Charlie Parker and Cannonball Adderley, the rhythm-and-blues earthiness of Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles, and the private Texas torment of Janis Joplin. Growing up albino in Beaumont, both Edgar and Johnny (now 30) immersed themselves in music to seek the self-expression denied them along more conventional paths. Their upper-middle-class parents, both talented amateur musicians, gave full support. Johnny, more extroverted and aggressive, always looked ahead to blues guitar stardom, says Edgar, and used music as a social lever. Edgar, younger and shyer, retreated into his music. "I didn't have many friends," recalls Edgar. "You know the way kids naturally are if you're fat, crippled or in any way defective. They tend to leave you out. So music became my identity and replaced the normal activities that otherwise would have filled my life."

Edgar is legally—more than 85%

Though he once shunned stage theatrics, Edgar has found ways of incorporating them with his music, as he shows above and below, at Madison Square Garden.



Photographs by Jill Krementz



Roma Zurga dries Edgar's hair in their hotel room before the Madison Square Garden concert.

Edgar, who is almost blind, has to strain to go over a profit-sharing plan with his accountant Max Mensch.

to Texas to meet him—and signed him to a huge contract. Shortly afterward, Edgar, who had quit school at 18, went to Nashville to help Johnny record. He laughingly remembers meeting Paul for the first time. “He looked at me,” recalls Edgar in his Texas accent, “and said, ‘Wow, there are two of ’em. I’m gonna clean up.’”

Paul signed Edgar to his own deal, but he didn’t clean up right away. Edgar’s first attempt in 1971 didn’t live up to its bullish title, *Entrance*. In fact, the album, all rigorously uncompromising jazz, was nearly his career exit. It failed to earn back his advance and indentured him to promoter Paul. “I always wanted to make obscure jazz albums,” Winter muses. “But I then realized I had to sell some records.”

So he put together White Trash, an eight-man ensemble, and then finally a quartet, the Edgar Winter Group, in 1972, shedding his rather arcane jazz instincts for neater, tamer—and more commercial—rock arrangements.

Purist critics tax Winter with selling out, and his own brother says, “Edgar isn’t using one-tenth of his talent at the moment.” But, unlike Johnny, who had to hospitalize himself for a year to

cure his heroin addiction, Edgar seems to have made peace with the problems of the rock star as expressed in one of his lyrics: *Now you can call it commercial/If you wanna see it that way/ But way back in my mind/I can hear the people say:/Keep playin’ that rock’n’roll/Keep doin’ what you been told*. Edgar maintains: “I think my success now will allow me the freedom to do what I really want later—experimental uses of the voice and more work with synthesizers.” Success has also allowed him to settle with the other band members and his longtime girlfriend into a stately old mansion in Gatsby country, with a swimming pool, tennis court and private beach on Long Island Sound.

There are deeper rewards for Winter. “I used to perform, not communicate,” he admits. “Now I accept audiences and that has overcome my withdrawal. I’m much happier now and better-balanced. Being albino always gave me a very real sense of individuality. Today, in music, a lot of people will do anything to themselves just to set them apart. I guess I’ve had a natural edge on them.”

JAMES F. JEROME

—blind, a congenital effect of albinism caused by a lack of pigment in the optic nerve. As a boy he couldn’t play sports or sight-read music. As a result he developed a brilliant ear, able to listen once to almost any tune and then play it. At age 11 Edgar teamed up with his brother in a group called Johnny and the Jammers, and later won welcome in all-black jazz clubs. The Winters once won a contest, and their prize was the opportunity to cut a record in a real studio. It sold 285 copies.

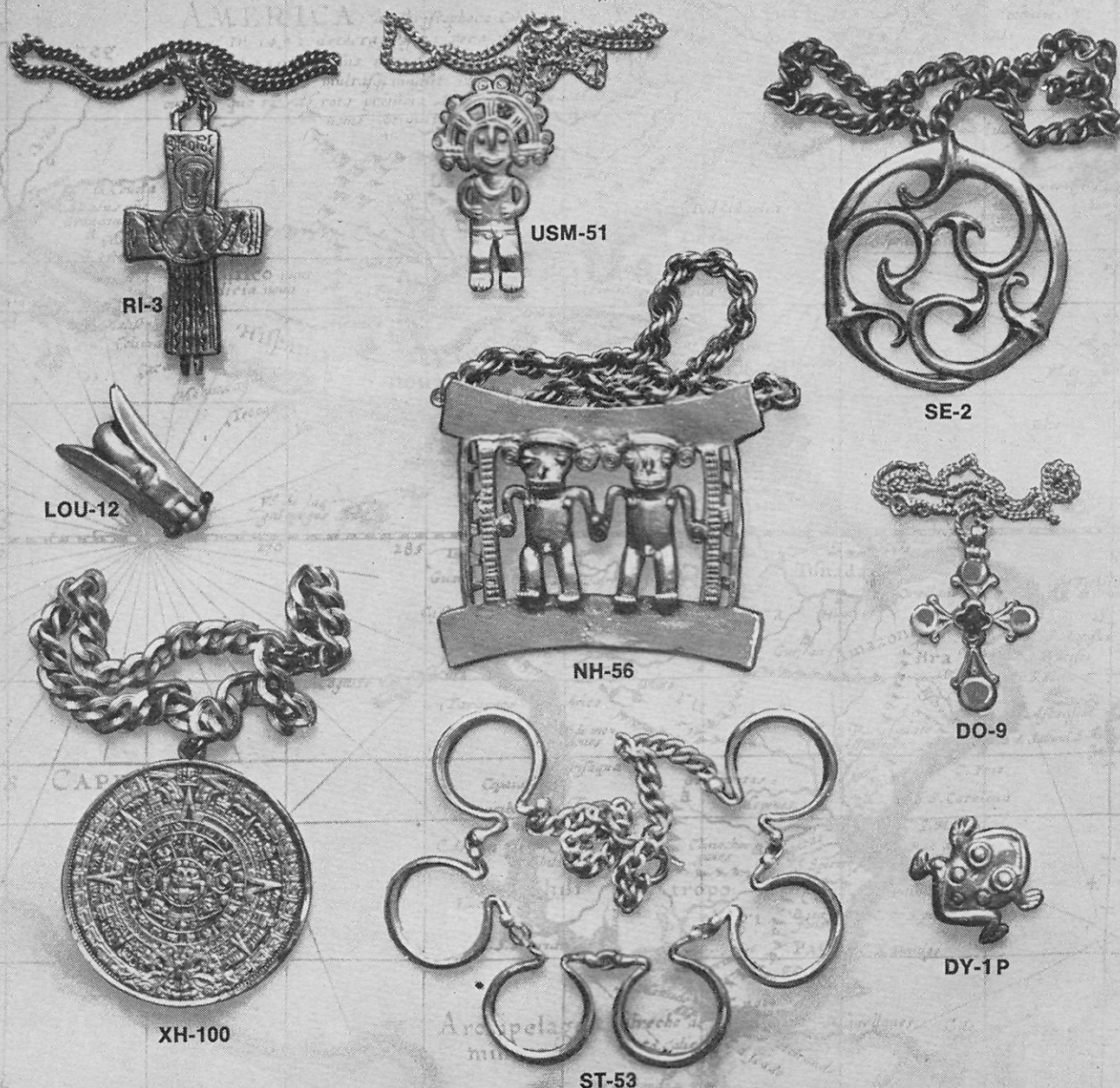
When an enterprising New York manager named Steve Paul read about Johnny’s fluid blues style, he flew down

At home on Long Island, from left, Roma Zurga, who is Edgar's girl, Edgar, bassist Dan Hartman, guitarist Rick Derringer and his wife Liz are served dinner by their maid Blanche.





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LEFT PAGE—FROM TOP

RI-3 Byzantine reliquary cross on chain. Gold*. Museum of Art, Rhode Island School of Design. \$8.50.

USM-51 Pre-Columbian man on chain. Gold*. Smithsonian Institution. \$7.50. USM-51P Matching pin, \$6.00.

SE-2 Celtic circle on chain. Gold*. Seattle Art Museum. \$10.00. SE-2P Matching Pin, \$8.50.

LOU-12 Korean Cicada pin. Gold*. City Art Museum, St. Louis. \$7.50.

NH-56 Pre-Columbian double figure necklace. Gold*. American Museum of Natural History, New York. \$22.50.

art treasures of four continents



PH-15



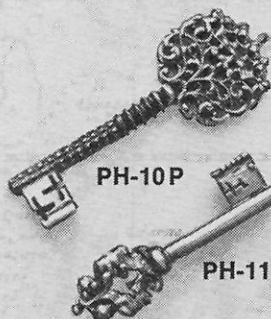
ST-60



NH-78P



PO-3



PH-10P



PH-11P



AIC-18



MFA-101

*gold electroplated **silver electroplated

DO-9 Byzantine cross on chain. Gold* with green center. Dumbarton Oaks Collection. \$8.50.

XH-100 Aztec calendar, pendant on chain. Specify gold* or silver**. Museum of Anthropology, Mexico City. \$10.00.

ST-53 Parthian loop necklace from a 3rd Cen. Asian fragment. Gold*. Private Collection. \$15.00. ST-53E Matching earrings, \$6.00.

DY-1P Pre-Columbian frog pin. Gold*. de Young Museum, San Francisco. \$6.00.

ST-60 Coptic cross on chain. Gold*. Ethiopia. Private Collection. \$10.00.

NH-78P African Akua'Ba fertility doll pin. Gold*. American Museum of Natural History, New York. \$8.50. NH-78N Pendant on chain, \$10.00.

PO-3 Coptic cross on chain. Silver** with blue center. Portland Art Museum. \$12.50.

PH-10P Renaissance key pin with crown. Gold*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$7.50.

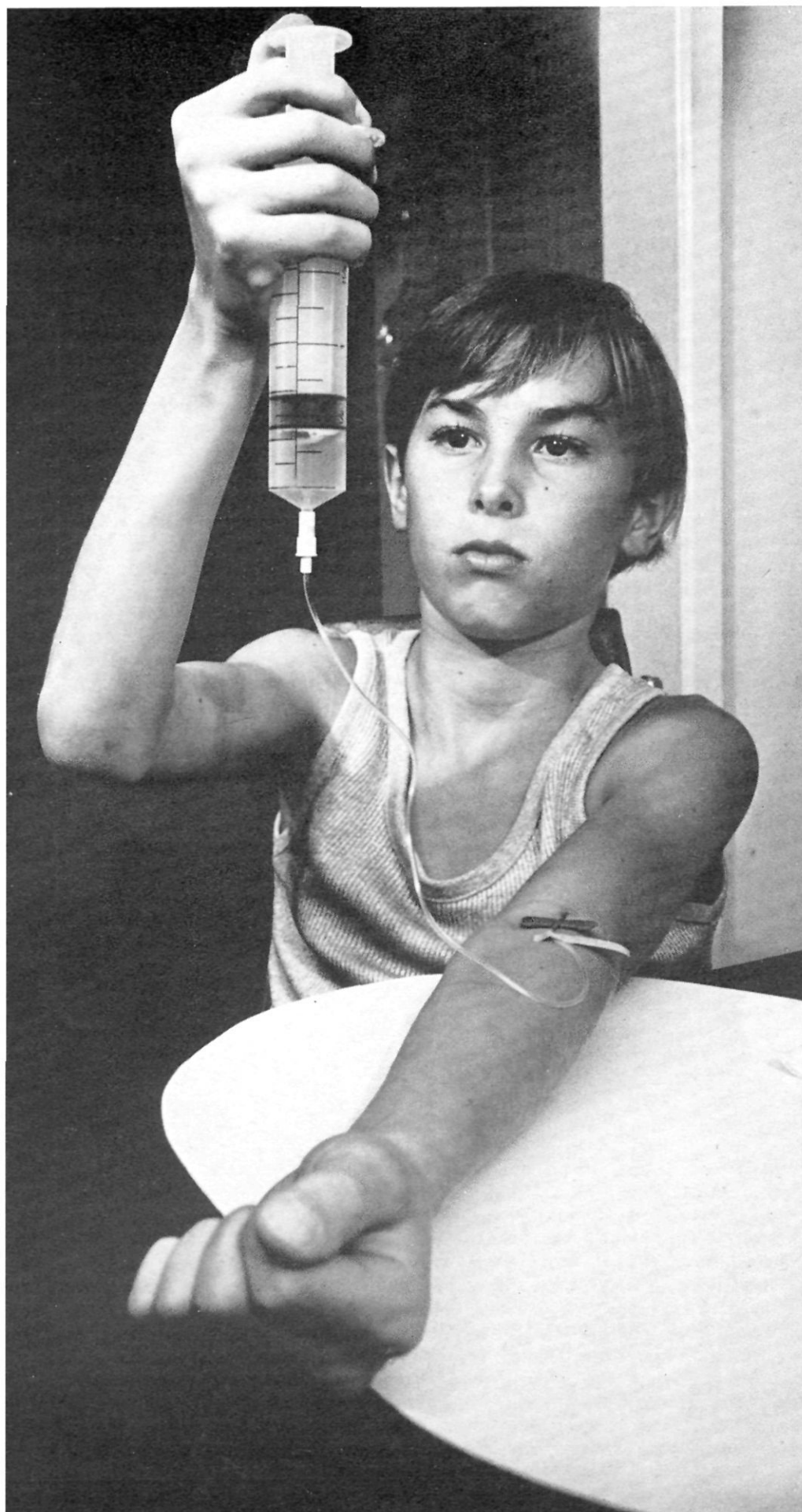
PH-11P Renaissance key pin with sphinxes. Gold*. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$7.50.

AIC-18 Japanese sword guard with figures, pendant on chain. Gold*. Art Institute of Chicago. \$10.00.

MFA-101 Egyptian Isis pectoral necklace on chain. Gold*. Boston Museum of Fine Arts. \$17.50.

RIGHT PAGE—FROM TOP

PH-15 Ashanti fish pendant on chain. Gold*. West Africa. Philadelphia Museum of Art. \$10.00.

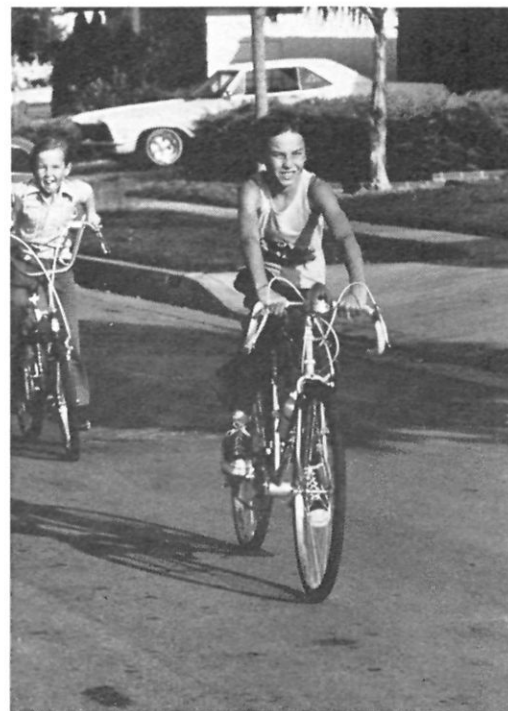


A 'FIX' OF LIFE FOR A HEMOPHILIAC

Because of the needle marks that dot the inside of his arms, 12-year-old Clifford Watson Jr. of Saugus, Calif. is often called "The Junkie" by school-mates. But the 50 ccs of a blood coagulant known as Factor VIII which he mainlines every few days are saving, rather than destroying, his life. Cliff was born with hemophilia, "The Disease of Kings" (notable victims included Spain's last crown prince, Alfonso, and Russia's last czarévitch, Alexis Romanov). Without his shots, Cliff could die from a simple bruise.

When Cliff was only nine months old, a routine inoculation provided the first evidence that the child was one of 25,000 American hemophiliacs: he turned black and blue from his hip to his knee.

Surprisingly, none of Cliff's ancestors were known to have had the disease. Although hemophilia is hereditary, each male offspring of "carrier" mothers like Mrs. Watson has only a 50-50 chance of inheriting it. Cliff's 9-year-



Cliff Watson (left) injects coagulants which will protect against uncontrolled bleeding should he fall off his bike.

MEDICS

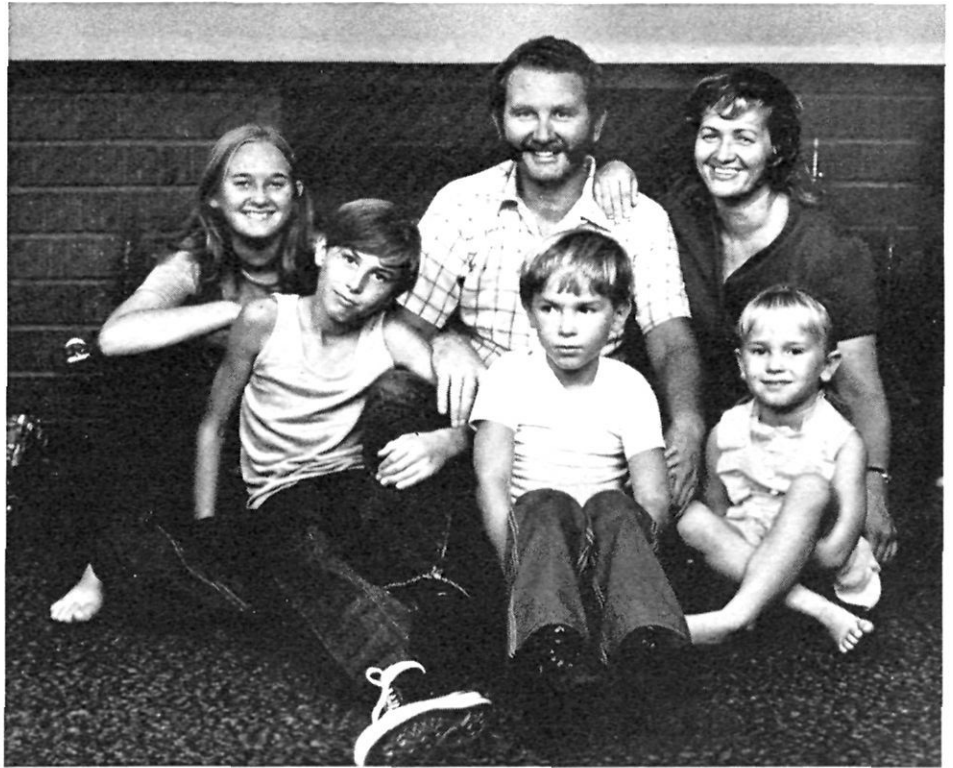
Cliff's mother is a carrier of hemophilia; his sisters Deanna (left) and Deborah, who is married and lives away, may be. Brother Chris and sister Darlene are not.

old brother Chris, for example, is not afflicted. Female children in hemophilic families, though usually spared the disease, are frequent carriers of it. Cliff's two older sisters Deborah and Deanna are suspected carriers, but 6-year-old Darlene is not.

Cliff's early years were harrowing for his parents. His father, Clifford Sr., a repairman for the telephone company, accepted his son's illness more easily than Mrs. Watson, who recalls those years only as a time when "we lived from bleed to bleed." When he was 2 Cliff fell and bit through his tongue. It took nine days and 14 units of plasma to stop the bleeding. When he was 6 he jumped off a room divider and severely wrenched his knee. During the five-month hospitalization that followed, Cliff got his first injection of an early form of Factor VIII—which Dr. Judith Pool of Stanford Medical School isolated from human blood in 1965 and which other scientists succeeded in freeze-drying. Until Pool's discovery, the only treatment for the bleeding hemophiliac was massive transfusions.

Since 1969 Cliff has been taking the formula an average of twice a week as a precaution, or when he hurts himself. Cliff was trained to administer the medicine himself, like a diabetic, but he is squeamish about putting the needle in, so an adult does that. As assistant patrol leader in his Boy Scout troop, Cliff goes on overnight camping trips—carrying his Factor VIII in an ice chest—and he is a member of the community swimming team.

Despite absences from school caused by occasional injuries, Cliff has maintained a B average, and he will enter the eighth grade on schedule next autumn. Through his family's vigilance and his own common sense, he manages to enjoy an almost normal life. But the danger is always there. Before he dares engage in any activity that could easily lead to an injury—such as baseball, or even bike riding—he must always retire for another life-preserving injection.



In a vacant lot near their home in Saugus, Calif., Cliff and his father enjoy a game of catch with a Frisbee. Cliff plays with all the vigor of an ordinary 12-year-old.

Photographs by John R. Hamilton/Globe

CHATTER

Heavy Traffic When a top government official moves into a Washington residential area the nearby natives tend to be ambivalent. The bad news is the heavy traffic of rubberneckers and TV news remote units. The good news is the added security. Neighbors of 3018 Dumbarton Avenue, Henry and Nancy Kissinger's new Georgetown digs, expect mostly the worst. After all, what jurisdiction do the feds have over their outstanding problem? That block, it turns out, is in the heart of the capital's cruising grounds for homosexuals.

Acting Out His three siblings included an older brother who followed his prominent father into surgery and a sister who is an eminent research physician. "I have been the foolish one in the family," muses Mel Ferrer, 56, a Princeton dropout who drifted into acting. Ten years ago he upgraded his self-image by going into producing, but now he has been performing again in a movie, *Anti-Christ*, in Rome. Part of the reason was his fascination with the subject, the occult, plus the opportunity to be near his 13-year-old son Sean, by his third of four wives, actress Audrey Hepburn. Would Sean follow his folks into acting? "No, no," repeated Mel, "I don't think so. He's an intelligent boy."

Air Apparent Contrary to popular prejudice, princely apprenticeships these days are not all beer and skittles but often inspired by the old Victorian adage that breaking the child makes the man. Iran's Crown Prince Reza Pahlavi, for example, is being tested as if he were going to succeed



Crown Prince Reza: So much for solos

Evel Knievel rather than his father, the Shah. The Shah reportedly popped his unenthusiastic eldest son on a mini-motorcycle at the age of 6 to test his royal backbone. And now, at 13, Reza has logged 16 hours and 25 minutes at the controls of a single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza fighter-trainer—including 35 minutes solo. "When I become older," Reza confided to admiring courtiers, "I might fly a helicopter." Right now though, the Crown Prince has been grounded except for two days a week and forbidden to fly *alone* again, according to court communiqué, "in order

to safeguard the state interest." The boy's mother, Empress Farah Diba, watched Reza's solo flight, smiling bravely and showing no outward signs of alarm. It was only when her son landed safely that an observer caught a glimpse of her handkerchief. It was wrung into a knot.

Pax India-born actress Anna Kashfi battled through one year of marriage with Marlon Brando and 15 of litigation over custody of their child Christian Devi. "Living with Marlon," she once said, "is like an afternoon at the races—short periods of orgiastic activity followed by long periods of boredom and anticipation. He attracts women like flies. And he vaults into bed with most of them." Finally, after legal battles had dissipated much of her original \$800,000 divorce settlement, she swallowed six Seconals and 16 Valium—an overdose that left her in a coma near death for four days last February. Upon recovery, she found tranquility and wrote a book titled *Brando for Break-*



Kashfi-Brando nuptials (1957): The orgy is over

fast. "When your grasp on life has slipped away," explains Anna, "any thoughts of vengeance or vindictiveness seem futile. I called Marlon, and we signed a peace treaty—without Henry Kissinger. The vendetta is over."

Family Affair After a long uneasy ride, Peter Fonda, 35, indicated a new self-understanding and rapprochement with his family, or at least with his father. "It's true," he said, "that at a certain time of my life, when I was very young, I drank so much I ended up in a clinic to be dried out. I've also smoked marijuana and taken LSD. Finally I realized that going on like that I would either break the wall or my hard head. I tried to act like a normal person, to integrate myself. Now my father and I speak the same language, we understand each other." As for his sister, Peter observed, "I get along well enough with Jane. Once she was frivolous, empty, without a conscience. Why I, crazy as I was, was more awake and sensitive to the reality that surrounded me. Then suddenly she became a revolutionary, an intellectual. My sister has never done things half-way. Like all neophytes, Jane would teach revolution to Mao Tse-tung if she had a chance."



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The Song of The Sergeant Major.

It was a ballad they sang at the Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.), about arms and men and the drink born there in the sunset of the Empire.



ment that has the actual quotation in it. During the engagement referred to, Chaput and his cohorts were young Officers of the Line. Fighting under the glowering crags of Afghanistan, they had their work cut out for them—just to stay alive. The experienced and determined enemy had quickly thinned the ranks of The Queen's troops; and the new replacements sent up were hardly her best. As the song goes:

*They sent us babes from
mothers' arms
For men there were no more.
The Afghans cheered to see
'em come
And Captain Chaput swore:
"If I had a Sergeant Major
I'd win this bloody war!"
The Afghans raised their
carving knives
And loosed their battle-
roar...*

This fragment led us to want to know more. We turned up the story (which may be apocryphal) of a much-decorated Sergeant Major who "could curse in all the twenty tongues of India including English." He was thus capable of

teaching some discipline to the rag-tag soldiery, Native and British.

This was the same Sergeant Major who invented the drink that today bears his name. And he vowed he would share the formula with no man. (The one time he shared it—with a woman—is another story.)

So it was that Chaput and his brother officers arranged to detain this irreplaceable walking recipe back at the Club, out of harm's way.

That decision, foolish as it sounds, may have won the war. In the actual battle, Chaput regretted it and remarked, "If I had a Sergeant Major..." etc.

A private, crouching behind a

rock nearby, heard and misunderstood, thinking his Captain wanted a drink. He scrambled to his feet and dashed off in a hail of rifle-fire, returning in minutes to hand over a brimful canteen.

The enemy, mistaking this stupid act for heroism, slackened their fire and wavered. Chaput seized the moment and called out, "Sound the charge!" His Company leapt to the attack. The entire Regiment took heart. As it was sung thereafter at the Club:

*The foam was on the
Afghan beards,
The blood was in their eye
But we tucked 'em in quite
peacefully
Before the moon was high.
So we'll hoist a Sergeant
Major
And if any man ask why,
Let him ask five hundred
Afghans
At the roll call in the sky!*

We'll be pleased to share the Sergeant Major, the drink, with you. (The recipe we prefer to keep to ourselves.) It's tart, crisp, and lively as rifle-fire. And simply wizard when you're swapping old war stories with your friends.

The Rangoon Racquet Club (G.O.), that makeshift institution, seems to have traveled about with its membership from Burma to the Northern Frontier during the troubles of the '80's.

As every British schoolboy used to know, it was one of the Club's members, Sir John Tripp Chaput, who in the heat of battle said: "Give me one Sergeant Major and I shall win the war."

However, an army's drinking songs often bear better witness than the historians. In attempting to compile our own *Collected Ballads of the Rangoon Racquet Club*, we were not surprised to run across one frag-

The Sergeant Major from Heublein



Collectors: Miniature replicas of the Sergeant Major are available from Valiant Miniatures, P.O. Box 394, Skokie, Ill. 60076